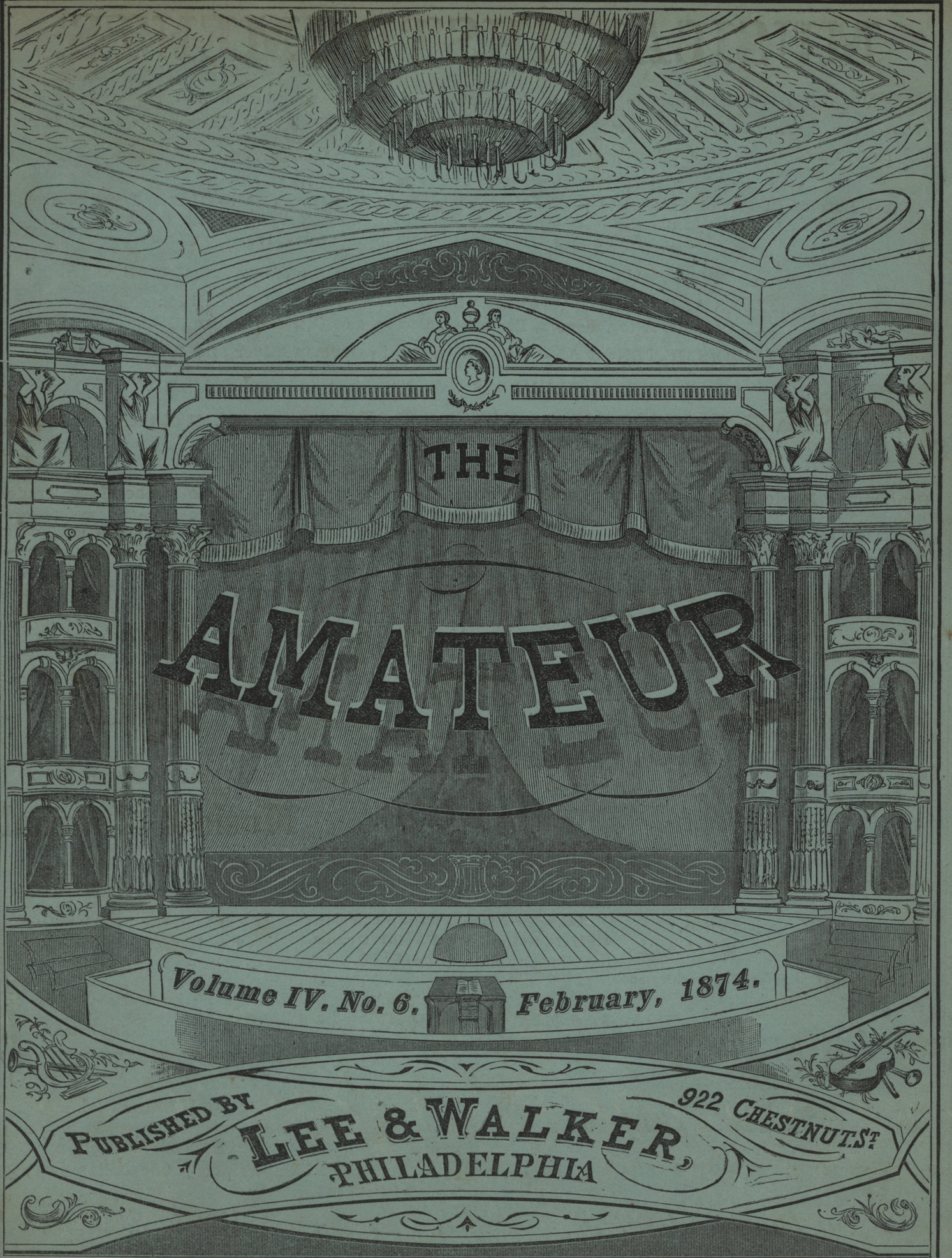
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The Things that Never Die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirits yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed—
The plea of mercy softly breathed,
When justice threatens high,
The sorrows of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That makes up love's first bliss;
If with a firm unchanging faith;
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,
Those things have shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy,
We feel but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, be just, and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

The Liszt Jubilee in Pesth.

With so many admirers crowding around him it was to be expected that the fiftieth anniversary of his artistic career would not be allowed to pass by without bringing a welcome to the Master, and for three days the Liszt Jubilee was the great event of the day, the Diet, which met at the same time, being quite thrown into the shade by it. Although the time has happily passed when demonstrations and ceremonials of one or another kind were the only means of expressing wishes, and when in this respect Hungary and, above all, her Capital, Pesth, could vie with Lombardy and Milan under the Austrian rule, yet still there is a good deal left of the old leaven, which, perhaps just because there are fewer occasions for its activity, operates more effectively than before, whenever such an occasion does present itself, and thus the celebration of the Liszt Jubilee, instead of being confined to the circles nearest interested, became a fete for the town, the municipality itself taking the lead.

The festivities began with a serenade on Saturday evening, before the residence of Liszt in the Fish Market. Not only in the square, which is itself a good size, but in the adjoining streets, a large crowd had collected at dusk, the windows of the houses had been illuminated, and were occupied by sightseers; two military bands were stationed in the centre of the square, which had been cleared of the booths and stands of the fishermen which you usually see there. They performed three of Liszt's compositions—the "Stephen March," the "Goethe March;" and the "Coronation March." At the end of every one of them the crowd broke out in cheers, which were vigorously kept up till the Master appeared at the window, when they began again with redoubled energy. These cheers were the welcome on the part of the people, and it was, perhaps, not the worst either, for probably no other crowd of the same size could have given expression to its feelings so unanimously and so energetically. On such occasions here you are almost induced to think that there must be something contagious and almost intoxicating in cheering, for, instead of becoming fainter and fainter it acquires more and more force every time, so that the last cheer is almost always the strongest. Later in the evening the municipality gave a fete in the Grand Hotel of Pesth, the Hungarian, where, besides a number of notabilities and native guests, the foreign admirers who have been attracted by the festival were likewise present, the lady admirers being the most prominent among them. A gipsy band, was there, of course. At the banquet which followed, toast came after toast, enthusiasm rising more and more at each.

Next day the Literary and Artistic Association sent its greeting and congratulations through its committee. at its head the most popular dramatist of Hungary, who delivered an address. Later, a deputation of the town came to present Liszt with the document by which the town grants three stipends. each of 200 florins, to the pupils of the National Academy of Music, conferring on Liszt the right of presentation for his lifetime; and at 10 A.M. the ceremony of presenting him with a laurel wreath in gold, which had been got up by subscription, was performed at the Great Hall of the Redoute, used for all such occasions as the most spacious locality in the town. In the evening Liszt's oratorio of *Christus* was performed before a large audience, most of whom were enthusiastic enough to enjoy the treat, which lasted four and a half hours.

The third day was taken up by a banquet given by Liszt's admirers, and by a festive representation of one of the popular pieces in the National Theatre, at which all the foreign guests made their appearance, although, as the play was performed in Hungarian, they can scarcely have derived much enjoyment from it.

During the three days, we have been, as it were, in a musical trance. You, with whom Liszt has, somehow or another, never been able to achieve the success which has attained his artistic career all over the rest of Europe, will scarcely be able to realize such enthusiasm, but you must remember we are an impulsive Eastern people, which, in spite of its long contact with the West, and the influence exercised upon it by the latter, has retained its own character and disposition, which is accustomed to give unreserved expression to its feeling, and which, once launched forth, is rarely kept back by those conventional rules which elsewhere are apt to restrain such ebullitions. This disposition to abandon ourselves to the impulse of the moment very often leads to extremes. Thus, in politics, we are thereby rather apt to see demigods or traitors, which has its inconveniences; but this same thoroughness of feeling, which, once the right chord is struck, vibrates through the whole of our being, has more than once produced a unity of action and a tenacity which in colder blood and by reasoning and weighing chances could never have been brought about; so that what might seem weakness in smaller has proved to be strength in greater things. —*London Times.*

Gossip about Names.

Readers of "The Book of Days" will remember, in the first volume, a collection of little verses brought together as illustrations of "Rhymthical Puns on Names." Such a subject, to a diligent searcher, would prove almost as endless as the kindred one of epitaphs. A few more specimens gathered since the publication of the above have been selected for insertion in *Chambers' Journal*, from which we copy:

On Lord Rockingham's becoming minister during our dispute with America, a declaratory bill being brought into the House of Commons, which was judged to be too tame a measure by the adverse party, the following distich appeared in the papers:

You had better declare, which you may without shocking 'em,
That the nation's asleep, and the minister Rocking 'em

The celebrated Dr. Parr attended for a short time upon Queen Caroline, to read prayers, &c. His place was afterwards supplied by a gentleman of the name of Fellowes. Upon which the following epigram was written:

There's a difference between
Dr. Parr and the Queen,
For the reason you need not go far;
The doctor is jealous
Of certain little Fellowes,
Whom the Queen thinks much above Parr.

James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland was, as every knows, not remarkable for vigor or steadiness. Having heard of a famous preacher who was very witty in his sermons, and peculiarly so in his choice of text, he ordered this clergyman to preach before him. With all suitable gravity, the learned divine gave out his text in the following words: "James, first and sixth, 'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven by the wind and tossed'"

The Cavaliers during the Protectorate were accustomed in their libations to put a crumb of bread into a glass of wine, and before they drank to say: "God send this Crumb-well down."

Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," cites a passage from Fuller's "Grave Thoughts," which shows that even the most solemn occasions and subjects cannot always exclude this punning propensity. "When worthy Master Hern, famous for his living, preaching and writing, lay on his death-bed, (rich only in goodness and children), his wife made such womanish lamentations, what should become of her little ones? 'Peace! sweet-heart,' said he; 'that God who feedeth the ravens will not forget the herns;' a speech censured as light by some, observed by others as prophetical—as, indeed, it came to pass that they were all well disposed of."

A clergyman of the name of Friend, who had got possession of a living in a way that rendered it doubtful whether it might not be regarded as a simoniacal contract, was imprudent enough to ask a neighboring clergyman to preach for him on the day he was to read himself in, as it is called. This clergyman, who remonstrated with him in the course of the negotiation, being humorously inclined to the great consternation of the new incumbent, sitting in the desk below him, chose for his text: "Friend, how camest thou in hither?"

The story of Dr. Mountain and the witty Charles II., is strongly characteristic of the times, and very applicable to our subject. A bishopric being vacant, Charles happened to ask his chaplain, Dr. Mountain, whom he should appoint "Why, sire," says the latter, "if your majesty had but faith, I could tell you whom." "How so," said the king, "if I had but faith?" "Why, in that case," said the doctor, "your majesty might say to this mountain, be thou removed into the sea."

Anecdote of Mozart.

One day Schachtner found little Wolfgang Mozart practicing alone upon a violin of which some one had made him a present.—"Good day, Herr Schachtner," said the boy; "how is your butter violin *(ihre Buttergeige)*?"—This was the name he gave Schachter's violin, on account of the softness of its tone. Any other boy would, probably, have said: "your violin of sugar."—"Do you know," he added, "it is an eighth of a tone lower than mine? At least, if you have left it as it was the other day." Mozart's father, who knew his son's exceptional memory and profound feeling of tone, felt curious to ascertain whether the boy was right. He sent, therefore, for the violin, and found it was tuned exactly as Wolfgang had said. On another occasion, as Schachtner was playing the second violin part in a trio at Mozart sen's, Wolfgang came and stood behind him, and insisted on doubling the part. As Wolfgang had not yet learnt the first principles of the instrument, his father refused to comply with this boyish caprice. Seeing, however, that his refusal made the boy cry, he finished by taking compassion on him. "Sit down here," he said, "and play so gently that no one shall be able to hear you." Scarcely had the trio begun, before Schachtner was stupified to find that he was perfectly superfluous, since Wolfgang played his part admirably. Without saying a word, he laid down his instrument, and not only did the boy finish the piece begun, but deciphered with equal ease many others. On being greatly complimented for his ability, he appeared flattered, and asserted that he could also have played the first violin part. Being put to the proof, he succeeded in doing what he said he could do. It is true that he sometimes got involved in difficulties, but he always extricated himself from them in a marvellous manner. Andreas Schachter, to whom we owe these extraordinary and almost incredible anecdotes, was a simple-minded, truthful man, and an intimate friend of the Mozart family. His words merit our full confidence, for he speaks only of what he himself saw, and only to persons whose reminiscences could act as a check upon his own.

Herr von Bulow at the Crystal Palace.

Place and precedence (as on Lord Mayor's day the chief magistrate comes last in the procession) for Dr. Hans von Bulow, now in London for the fulfilment of several special engagements apart from his own "Recitals," already announced. Dr. Hans von Bulow played the fifth concerto (which "G" will not allow to be called the "Emperor") last season at the Philharmonic, where we heard him. We find, on referring to the file, the very same remarks which on Saturday we made in our programme as the performance went on. Crisp, powerful touch, and artistical feeling were the indicated merits; and the defects, want of breadth, uneven shakes, want of connection between certain passages, and inequality of standard level; the player improving as he proceeded, and doing best in the Rondo. Dr. Hans von Bulow is unquestionably a genius, and a very original one. Prodigious memory, marvellous self-command, considering the natural impulsiveness of his temperament, and power combined with sensibility, mark the great artist. Extremes of laudation and disparagement, such as were to be heard in town last season, strike the judical mind as uncalled for. Dr. von Bulow may not be pronounced perfect; but to denounce him as a musical pretender is absurd. We have never so much admired M von Bulow in Beethoven's works—either concertos or sonatas—as in the texts of Schumann and Chopin, and modern writers for the pianoforte. On Saturday, we where obliged to notice once more a weakness of the left hand, a tame conclusion of the first movement, and the old unevenness in the shakes. To descend to minute details, the doctor slightly altered passages: "double-dotted" notes were the time-mode is six quavers in a bar; and, in one case a note was actually *added* in the treble clef. But this is hypercriticism. The delivery of Adagio in B major was graceful and expressive, if slightly finical; the Rondo, as before, proved the most effective of the three movements, though the actual close of the concerto was but tamely rendered. Of course Dr. von Bulow was recalled and his reception could not have been more enthusiastic.—*Musical Standard.*

THE COLOGNE Musical Union offers a prize of 400 marks, (about $120), for the best quintette for Piano, Violin, Tenor, Cello and Contrabass. The manuscript must be sent by the end of March, 1874, to F. Hiller, the President of the association—the successful work will remain the property of the composer.

Verdi's "Aida."

The successful performance in America, of the great Italian composer's latest work, marks an important era in our musical history. Giuseppe Verdi, whose music has been heretofore sensuous and romantic, has taken a "new departure" in "Aida," by boldly and successfully combining the essential features of Meyerbeer's and Wagner's dramatic compositions. No longer shall the merest thread of story serve to connect a succession of sweet melodies, but the action and the music shall be wedded into one harmonious whole. Thus the mere prettiness of composition gives place to the ideal grandeur of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser," and the "music of the future" is deliberately adopted by the most popular of living composers.

The plot of the opera of "Aida" is romantic and tragical, and well adapted to scenic display and grand music:

AIDA, daughter of AMONASRO, King of Ethiopia, has been led into captivity by the Egyptians; while in bondage, she conceives a tender passion for RADAMES, a young Egyptian warrior, who warmly responds to her affection. The opening incidents of the opera disclose these facts, and set forth, besides, the choice of Radames as leader of an expedition against the invading forces of Ethiopia, and the love, still unrevealed, of AMNERIS, daughter of Egypt's sovereign, for the fortune-favored chieftain; Amneris suspects the existence of a rival, but does not learn the truth until Radames returns victorious.

The second act commences with a scene between the Princess and the Slave: Amneris wrests from Aida the secret she longs, and yet dreads to fathom, and dire hate at once possesses her. Radames comes back laden with spoils. Among his prisoners—his rank being unknown to his captors—is Amonasro, father of Aida. Radames asks of his sovereign that the captives be freed; the king consents to releasing all of them, except Aida and Amonasro. The monarch then bestows upon the unwilling Radames the hand of Amneris, and amid songs of jubilation, the act terminates.

In the third act, the marriage of Amneris and Radames is on the eve of celebration; Radames, however, is devotedly attached to Aida, and the maiden, urged thereunto by Amonasro, seeks to persuade the soldier to flee to Ethiopia, and turn his sword against his native land. Without resolving upon the act of treachery, Radames lends an ear to her supplications. The party is about to take to flight, when the high priest, RAMPHIS, and Amneris, both of whom have overheard the lovers, appear. Aida and Amonasro, on the advice of Radames, escape. Radames remains to await his fate. This is speedily decided. Radames, in act fourth, is tried on a charge of treason; Amneris, repentant, vainly endeavors to save his life, for the lover of Aida, scorns to renounce her, and is deaf to the entreaties of the daughter of the king, whose jealousy, as Amneris herself is aware, has brought about his downfall. The denouement is not long delayed. The final picture shows the interior of the Temple of Vulcan; on high is the hall of worship; below, the vault in which Radames, doomed to die, is interred alive by the priests. As the stone is sealed over his head, Aida, who has awaited Radames in the tomb, rises before him. The lovers are locked in a last embrace, as Amneris, heart-broken, kneels in prayer on the marble which parts from the living, the couple now united in death.

"Aida" was written at the request of the Khedive of Egypt, and first performed at Cairo, in 1870. Its production in America in advance of both London and Paris, is creditable to the enterprise and liberality of Messrs. Strakosch, who have expended over thirty thousand dollars on it. The costumes, copied from the ancient paintings and sculptures, are magnificent, and the scenery, all new and superbly painted, represents a hall in the palace of the Pharaohs at Memphis, an entrance to the city of Thebes, interior of the Temple of Vulcan, the banks of the Nile, etc. In the rendition of the opera, an immense chorus and orchestra and an army of supernumeraries, are employed, and all the properties used, imitate as closely as possible the illustrations, which, seemingly made for all time, familiarize us to-day with the life and manners of those who lived four thousand years ago. The scene at the close of the second act is the most gorgeous display ever made in an American theatre, completely eclipsing all the show-pieces like the Black Crook, which have derived their popularity from scenic effect.

That most of the music of "Aida" will not become popular for parlor use, does not in any way detract from its great merit; it is singularly well adapted to the tragic story it illustrates, is frequently odd and striking in its instrumentation, and occasionally comes forth in majestic measures with a thrilling effect which can only be compared to the Poniard Consecration in the "Huguenots," or the finale to the third act of "Ernani."

In the first act, the tenor, Radames, has two fine arias, a very sweet and delicately accompanied romanza, "Celeste Aida," and a war-song, in which he is assisted by the other principals and the chorus. Some of the finest and most dramatic music of the opera is assigned to the contralto, (Amneris), who is really, musically and dramatically, the central figure of the opera. There is also a beautiful prayer for Aida, and a triumphal march with chorus for the grand finale of act second. One of the best numbers is the duo finale for Aida and Radames; it is admirably treated, and the theme itself is lovely.

In the great success of Aida is plainly foreshadowed the approaching triumph of Wagnerism. It is true that we do not find in it the lofty strains which glow with the fervor of his great genius, but it is founded on his style; and indicating, as it does, Verdi's recognition of the truth and beauty of Wagner's theories of lyric composition, it forms a fitting prelude to the production of the great master's "Lohengrin," which Messrs Strakosch promise us next spring.

T.

Sentiment in Music.

A few days ago, a Philadelphia musician said: "It is easier to write a good song than to steal one." Provided that the words are singable, his remark is a just one. Much more depends on the verses than most people suppose, and a secondary requisite is that the composer shall possess a sympathetic nature quite capable of entering into their sentiment. *Without* these two qualifications, the most erudite musician cannot produce a "taking" melody; but *with* them, a meagre knowledge of the principles of composition suffices to write those simple, home-songs which the people, with just discrimination, take to their hearts and cherish forever. Many a composer who has proved his power to awaken the loftiest and tenderest emotions, would be utterly incapable of constructing an opera, a symphony, or even a piano forte fantasia. It would be invidious to name living composers who have attained well-deserved popularity without possessing a tithe of the "science" distinguishing many who have completely failed to gain the public ear. The late Stephen G. Foster possessed this emotional genius in its highest development: he was successful as a composer simply because he knew how to write eminently musical verses, full of true sentiment. To such poetry, the appropriate music comes spontaneously. It would be easy to compose fifty distinct and beautiful melodies to almost any one of Tom Moore's musical poems, and the composer who does not feel the inspiration of such verses, has no music in his soul, and had better turn his attention to building waltzes and galops.

"It is easier to write a song than to steal one." Ready-made music, like ready-made clothing, is cheap, and not necessarily of inferior quality, but to secure "fits" they must be made to order.

Young musicians, anxious for reputation, should bear in mind, that a knowledge of the principles of composition will merely enable them to spell correctly, but will never endow them with eloquence—that is a higher power which only comes from God. Cultivate a love for the true and beautiful, and they will surely find expression in your works.

T.

A FLATTERER is the meanest and lowest of mankind, except the man who courts flattery.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.—An incident connected with the Viennese International Exhibition, is worth passing record. A grand concert was given to celebrate that memorable event, which, if in some degree a financial failure, was at any rate, a generally acknowledged artistic success. This entertainment was honored by the presence of the Court of Austria, the foreign princes who had remained in the capital until the Exhibition saw its last day, the whole of the diplomatic body, and a large concourse of the nobility of South Germany, together with other personages of more or less note. It was found attractive for several reasons, not the least being the co-operation of some foreign amateurs, among whom may be pointed out Messrs. Kanner, Lough, and Cartwright (Englishmen), Mr. Brew (American), Herr Detrine (German), and M. Deschamps (Frenchman)—all conspicuous for their zeal in support of the undertaking. The whole affair was projected and carried out by the Chinese Exhibition Commissioners, who, it may not be out of place to add, have been decorated with the time-honored Order of the "Iron Crown," a distinction never previously conferred upon any subject of the Celestial Empire. That the Chinese, inquisitive people as they are, desire to make themselves better and better acquainted with European music, as with other forms and symbols of European civilization, is notorious; and the fact of the Chinese Commissioners at the Viennese International Exhibition getting up a concert of European music on their own account is a sign of the times, however apparently trival, not altogether to be disregarded. Lord Brougham, in referring to the general spread of culture in Great Britain, once said:—"The schoolmaster is abroad." It will be no bad symptom if, even in his musical capacity alone, the schoolmaster, sooner or later, travels to China.

The Gift of Tact.

What a wonderful oil upon the machinery of human affairs tact is. To know just what to say, and when to say it, and to whom to say it; to know when to be silent, and when deferentially to listen, is a great gift. No one can fully appreciate this quality who has not had the misfortune of living with a blundering person, who never moves nor speaks without unintentionally wounding or offending some body. Contiguity with such a one is fearful to the nerves, and temper too. We doubt whether tact, in any considerable degree, can be acquired. It is born with some and is natural to them as the color of their eyes or hair. We have seen little children who are perfect in it, without the slightest idea, of course, of the diplomacy they were enacting.

WHOEVER makes the truth appear unpleasant, commits high treason against virtue.

SOME YEARS since the pupils of the Paris Conservatory were being examined in piano forte composition and playing. Among the tests to which they were subjected was that of deciphering a musical manuscript. In the ranks of the students was a boy of fourteen, whom the examiners had already applauded for the proficiency he had displayed. He sat down and began deciphering the manuscript. He was very timid, but extraordinarily certain in everything he did. The piece consisted of three pages. Having gone through the first, the boy turned over the leaf. "What is he about?" asked Auber, who was Chairman of the Board of Examiners. "He has turned the page from left to right!"—M. Plantier, greatly surprised, advanced gently, and perceived that the manuscript was turned upside down. "Why," he observed to the boy, when the latter had come to the end of the piece, which he had read without a fault, "the manuscript is upside down!"—"Yes," replied the boy blushing.—"Why did you not turn it the right way?"—"I did not dare," was the reply.—It is superfluous to add that the astounded Examiners awarded the first prize to the youthful prodigy. His name was Edouard Frank. He became one of the most brilliant accompanyists ever known. Unfortunately he died very young.

Evermore.

"For evermore!" Words easily uttered, but in comprehension vaster than human thought can grasp; till man, entering upon eternity, shall rise to faculties fitted for the scene! "For evermore:" for an existence to which the age of the earth, of the starry heavens, of the whole vast universe, is less than a morning dream; for a life, which, after the reiteration of millions of centuries, shall begin the endless race with the freshness of infancy and all the eagerness that welcome enjoyments ever saw.

THE common burden of humanity, which we have all to bear more or less, must be heaviest in those whose mental powers are the earliest and the most widely unfolded. We may grow up under the sheltering care of parents and kindred; we may lean on parents and friends; we may be amused by acquaintances; we may be made happy by those we love, yet to this conclusion do we come at last,—that man is turned back on himself.

TRUE FRIENDS.—We may seek for friends, and fail to find them—we may even zealously strive to make friends, and yet realize in our sad experience that we have but made enemies; but we have it in our power to be able to say, "It has been my privilege to be a true friend; and better suffer as the friend deceived, than the base deceiver of a friend."

AT DRESDEN, there has just been sold by auction, the famous violin of Count Trautmansdorf, grand equerry to the Emperor Charles VI, and which he had purchased from the celebrated Jacob Steiner, on the following strange conditions: He paid down, in coin, seventy golden carlous; undertook to provide the vendor, as long as he lived, with a good dinner every day, as well as one hundred florins a month, in cash; and yearly a new coat with golden Brandenburgs; two casks of beer, lighting and fuel; and, in case he should marry, as many hares as he might require; with twelve baskets of fruit annually for himself, and as many for his old nurse. As Steiner lived sixteen years afterwards, his instrument must have cost the Count, in ready money, at least 20,000 florins, which has just been sold to a Russian for 2,500 thalers (3 fr. 75 cents each).

CARAFA, the composer, was devotedly attached to his wife, who was equally fond of him. During the siege of Paris, he was in a very dangerous state of health, as was likewise his wife. The latter, indeed, felt her end approaching, and, being convinced that her death would kill her husband with grief, was guilty of a pious fraud, in which she was aided by her medical man and a few friends. Carafa was informed that it was absolutely necessary she should leave Paris for change of air, and, as he was told she had procured a permit to pass the lines, he offered no objection, believing she would shortly return as well as she had ever been in her life. Madame Carafa, who left Paris only to die, had written several post-date letters from the place where she was supposed to be stopping. These were delivered, after her decease, to Carafa, who breathed his last without suspecting his wife had preceded him to the tomb.

The Make-up of Life.

Life consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments. The greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles or frequent interruptions.

Reidsville, N.C., Dec. 17, 1873.

MESSSRS. LEE & WALKER.—I find that the term of my subscription expires with the year, for the AMATEUR. Please find enclosed one dollar, for its renewal another twelve months. I have never taken a periodical which has given me such heartfelt pleasure, and my greatest wonder is that you can do so much for the small remuneration of its price. I hope to send you several new subscribers for 1874.

Respectfully, MRS. J. W.

THE AMATEUR.

H. A. CLARKE, - - - - Editor.

Communications to receive attention must be addressed to the publishers, and not to the editor or clerks.

THE AMATEUR is mailed regularly to subscribers, about the 20th of each month, and if not received within a reasonable time after that date, our patrons will please notify us.

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of the AMATEUR. Hereafter all subscriptions must necessarily commence with the current number. We have endeavored to begin subscriptions with any back numbers desired by our patrons, but our supply has become entirely exhausted, and we have not a single copy of Vols I, II, or III on hand. Each number is complete in itself, and each succeeding issue is better than its predecessor, so that subscribers actually gain by not dating subscriptions back.

WANTED.—Canvassers in every City, Town and Village in the United States and Canada—liberal commission. No publication offers equal inducements, everybody wants the AMATEUR. Each number contains three pieces of new and popular music, printed from full-sized music plates. Each number contains an invaluable list of hints, sketches, etc., interesting to everybody. Each subscriber receives the handsome chromo, "Happy Hours," and the subscription is only One Dollar per year. Canvassers can readily make from ten to twenty dollars per day.

William N. Toy and *James F. Morrison* were admitted members of our firm, January 1st, 1874. The firm name will continue as heretofore

LEE & WALKER.

SOME of our cotemporaries are agitating a convention of Musical editors, and yet in many points it seems doubtful if an editor will be an editor, when the time proposed for holding the convention approaches. The AMATEUR is, however, in for all the fun, and in the absence of previous nominations, begs to submit Philadelphia, "the birth-place of liberty," "the home of the Mocking Bird," etc., etc., as the proper place.

WE are gratified to hear from so many quarters that our new idea of publishing tunes with interludes, in the AMATEUR, meets with such favor. Numbers of amateur organists write to us with profusion of thanks and compliments, and say that it is "just the thing that is wanted;" the only regret expressed is that the interval of one month between each instalment is so long. Be patient, friends, the months go away fast enough; and this reminds us that we are in the year 1874—only two years from the Centennial, which seemed so far away when it was first talked about. We wish all our readers a Happy, Prosperous New Year. The number (of readers as well as years) grows constantly, and as our AMATEUR grows in favor, both editor and publishers feel encouraged to further exertions to produce a paper that no musician can do without.

"Abbie."

We doubt if any one engaged in the Music business has achieved such well merited popularity and such an extended acquaintance with the trade, as Miss Abbie Noyes, whose relations with the celebrated publishing house of Messrs. O. Ditson & Co., of Boston, have made for her a renown in all parts of the country.

The cheerfulness and affability of Miss Noyes have won for her thousands of admiring friends, not only at the "Hub," but throughout the whole land, and it is with pleasure, that we note the fact that "Abbie," as she is familiarly termed, has been tendered an annual complimentary concert. The artists, as already announced, embrace all the popular talent of Boston, and as we read the names of Mrs. Annie Granger Dow, Mrs. Kempton, Mr. Boscovitz, Mr Ryder, Mr. Varley, Mr. and Mrs. Heine, we are assured that Miss Noyes will have a house full to overflowing. The great respect and the high esteem in which Miss Noyes is held by the legions of musical folks of Boston, coupled with the popularity of the favorites whose names appear on the programme, insure the complete success of the entertainment.

"Abbie" has our best wishes for a very tangible result. We only regret that we cannot be there on February 16th, to deliver our congratulations in *propria personæ*.

We would earnestly commend to all our city readers, the Classical Concerts of our leading violinist, Herr. Carl Gaertner. The programmes of these concerts are overflowing with good things, many of which have never been heard here, except at the private meetings of musicians. The object of these performances is so good, and the price of admission so little, that it will be—we had almost written—a shame to Philadelphia, if Mr. Gaertner does not meet with the encouragement he deserves.

London.

December 4th, 1873.

DEAR AMATEUR.—You must think by this time that I have forgotten you or found an "exile's grave on a foreign shore," but, you see, I have done neither, although I must confess to a little remissness; "but," you naturally say, "where are all your promised letters?" well, here is one of them, and the rest will come in due time; and if you don't think, that I think, that this, that——you can put your own conclusion. The fact is, I have been over the channel, loafing about Paris, seeing so much, and hearing so much, that it has had a confusing effect on me, and nothing but the quiet of a London lodging has restored my wandering brain. Enough of myself. I have but little to tell about music, although I have heard plenty, but being only an amateur, and a poor one at that, I never feel quite sure what I ought to admire; but if I make mistakes, I hereby give notice to the readers of the AMATEUR, that they must hold Mr Lee responsible for them, seeing that he, in spite of my protestations, made me promise to write. One Saturday, lately, I heard F. David's *Desert*. I am convinced that he could not have made it more like a desert, if he tried. This sentence is so ambiguous that it sure to save my reputation, because, you see, admirers of David will say: "this is just what David aimed at;" others will say: "M. M. hit the nail on the head." Von Bulow played at the same concert. The universal opinion here is, that his performance is more astonishing than excellent. He is inclined to take liberties with the great masters, and some people are inclined to think that Beethoven and Mozart can't be "improved," to which opinion I cordially subscribe. They also produced a symphony by Benedict, consisting of *Scherzo*, *Andante con moto*, *Allegro*, *Allegro con fuoco*, etc. (I think I have the right words. I suppose the readers of the AMATEUR know what they mean—I don't). I was very much pleased with it, and all the critics are loud in their praises of its melodiousness and skillful treatment, etc. The Royal Albert Hall Society performed Handel's *Theodora* recently. Every time I hear an English chorus, I am more and more impressed with their wonderful precision and rich volume of sound. I was so delighted with the choruses that I forget whether I liked the solos or not, except the "Angel's ever bright and fair," perhaps, because it was familiar to me. I have a faint recollection that I promised to write something about organ playing in England, but, alas! I don't know what to say about it. I go about from church to church to hear the best players, and of them all, the best is BEST. I have an impression that the style of organ playing here, is better than it is at home. I don't know how to explain my meaning, or exactly what the difference is; one thing I know, they do not make

such a constant use of solo stops; another thing, they use the pedals more, and make their feet go independently, without regard to their hands. By dint of professing enthusiasm for organ playing, I have the *entree* to several organ lofts, and I know nothing that so astonished me as to see the way some organists do a double shuffle on the pedals, pull out the stops, and play on four rows of keys, and turn over their own music pages all at once. Organ playing seems to be a national institution here, it is so assiduously cultivated. They have a college of organists that grants diplomas and gives prizes for playing and compositions, and thus fosters a national school of playing and writing for the organ that, I am told, is improving yearly. One reflection and I am done. I have often heard at home that the English were not a musical nation: every day I stay here helps to convince me that this is a mistake. The number of concerts—their high class—the support they receive—the music in the churches—the number of good writers, who are paid for their compositions—all these things point the other way, and force me to the conclusion that there is a very wide-spread interest in, and appreciation of, good music. M.M.

MENDELSSOHN'S LAST BIRTHDAY is thus recorded in the diary of Moscheles. The charade on the word "Gewandhaus" will be intelligible to English readers when it is understood that the syllable "Ge (pronounced *gay*) is German for the musical note G; "Wand" is German for *wall*, and "Haus" of course means *house*.

"The proceedings were opened with a capital comic scene between two lady's maids, acted in the Franklin dialect, by Cecile and her sister. Then came a charade on the word "Gewandhaus" Joachim, adorned with a fantastic wig, *a la Paganini*, played a hare-brained impromptu on the G string; the syllable "Wand" was represented by the Pyramus and Thisbe wall-scene from the "Midsummer Night's Dream;" for "Haus," Charlotte acted a scene she had written herself, in which she is discovered knitting a blue stocking, and soliloquizing on the foibles of female authoresses, advising them to attend to their domestic duties. By way of enforcing the moral, she calls her cook—the cook was I myself, and my appearance in cap and dress was the signal for a general uproar. Mendelssohn was sitting on a large straw arm-chair which creaked under his weight, as he rocked to and fro, and the room echoed with his peals of laughter. The whole word "Gewandhaus" was illustrated by a full orchestra, Mendelssohn and my children playing on little drums and trumpets; Joachim leading with a toy violin, my Felix conducting a la Julien. It was splendid." Such was Mendelssohn's *last* birthday.

SIXTY THOUSAND Organs are manufactured annually, of which forty thousand are supplied with *Getze's School for the Parlor Organ*, a necessary adjunct to the completion of the instrument.

Milan.

Signor Sangiorgi's new opera, *Giuseppe Balsamo*, has, after numberless delays and postponements, at length been produced at the Teatro dal Verme. If the fact that the composer was called on twenty times during the first performance, and the author of the libretto once, and that some of the pieces were encored, constitutes a genuine success, then, without doubt, *Giuseppe Balsamo* may be ranked as such. But we all know what bravos, recalls, laurel wreaths, complimentary verses, and so on, mean on first nights in Italy at the present day. No one, therefore, will, probably, be suprised to hear that *Giuseppe Balsamo*, is not a masterpiece, and will, in all probability, vanish ere long from the bills, never to return. In the first place, it is too long; there are five mortal acts of it. Then, it is deficient in originality and character. Parts of it are very old-fashioned as regards form, and reminiscences from other operas are by no means scarce. On the other hand, the melody is easy, elegant, and abundant. The principal parts were sustained by Signori Lodi Mariannina, Wanda Miller, Signori Maurelli, Storti, and Fabri. *Saffo* is underlined with Signori Barbot Viale, Signori Pardini and Buti.—A new opera, *Morovico*, by Signor Dominiceti, is in preparation at the Teatro Carcano.—M. A. Rubinstein has given two concerts at the Conservatory. His programme included compositions by Handel, Chopin, Beethoven, Schumann, Liszt, and Mozart; as well as various emanations from his own pen. The well-known Florentine Quartet, also, have given a concert in the same place.

WOLSEIFFER'S popular Saturday afternoon concerts are well managed and consequently are largely patronized, and the success of the series was long since established. *Horticultural Hall* is crowded every Saturday afternoon.

ON DIT that at Miss Abbie Noyes' popular concert on the 16th, inst., at Boston. "The Boston Fire Bells," by Saylor, (and inscribed to that noble "old veteran," B. S. Holt), will have a prominent position in the programme.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Lee & Walker, 922 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, a copy of "The Sabbath," by C. Everest. It is a new and extensive collection of church music, embracing great variety in style and metre. In its table of contents we notice the names of many old favorites, which stir our hearts with recollections of the time when we were young, when disease had not laid the destroying hand upon voice and ear, when, with many now gone to their reward, we had an humble place in the church choir. It is evidently destined to be extensively used.—*Sabbath Recorder.*

BERLIN.—The Musical Department of the Royal Library, already so famous for its manuscript treasures, has lately been enriched by a highly important addition. At Mozart's death, Herr Anton Andre purchased of the composer's widow all the manuscripts he left behind him, amounting to two hundred and eighty in number. Of these, 131 in Mozart's own hand, remained up to within a very short period in the possession of the Brothers Andre, in Offenbach, who inherited them from their father. Among them were ten operas, including "Idomeneo" and "Cosi fan tutte," an oratorio, five masses, fifteen symphonies and a large number of other works amounting in all to 531 separate compositions. They have just been purchased, with the approbation of the Emperor Wilhelm, by the State, and transferred to the Royal Library.

OUR THANKS are due to George W. Childs, Esq., the popular proprietor of the Public Ledger, for a handsome copy of the Ledger Almanac, for 1874, which is filled to repletion with valuable information, chronological history and items of general interest. Every subscriber to the *Public Ledger* received a copy of the very desirable little compendium, which speaks volumes for Mr. Childs, management and liberality.

VIENNA.—An important new orchestral composition by Herr Johannes Brahms was lately produced here with much success for the first time. It consisted of Variations on an Andante Theme in B flat, by Haydn. According to report, a new ballet, "Leonidas," by Herr Taglioni, will shortly be produced at the Imperial Opera-house.

NEW MUSIC BOOK.—A museum of music books would embrace an almost endless variety in type, style, size and sorts to suit all times, circumstances, and people who have "music in their souls." The most comprehensive and complete collection that has ever fallen under our notice, is "The Sabbath," just issued by Lee & Walker, 922 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, containing the most popular psalm and hymn tunes in general use, with new tunes, chants, sentences, motetts and anthems, of distinguished composers, by C. Everest. In typography, the work is a thing of beauty, and for choir use, we presume it is unexcelled by any publication extant, because it presents the best things from them all, selected by the excellent judgment and taste of one of the finest musical authors in the country. We hope all the choristers will examine it, and we know it will be popular.—*Methodist Home Journal.*

ANY coward can fight a battle when he is sure of winning it; but give me the man who has the pluck to fight when he is sure of losing.

New York,

January, 1874.

The Strakosch Italian Opera Company have been with us again for a short season. At Christmas they gave us three evening performances and a matinee, which were very well patronized. Possibly there are no more extensive *impressarios* in the world than the two Messrs. Strakosch; they are said to control three of the leading opera houses in Europe: the Paris Italiens; the St. Petersburg Opera House; and the La Scala, Milan. It is stated, in addition, that they are negotiating with a Moscow manager for a share in the leading establishment of that city.

As you are doubtless aware, Mr. Jarrett and Mons. Jamet have joined Lucca and Di Murska at Havana, where the two *prime donne* are reported to be meeting with marked success. It is said that Mr. Maretzek complains bitterly of his treatment in this case, and that he is not done with the affair yet. The Lucca divorce case has been re-opened in the courts here, on application, through counsel, made by the Baron Von Rhaden. The impression is, however, that the court will not rescind the order of divorce, and that Lucca had ample grounds for seeking the release accorded to her.

We are to have the Kellogg English Opera Company with us on the 21st inst. They are announced to open in *Lucia*, the distinguished prima donna in the role of the unfortunate Bride of Lammermoor. The way to the most triumphant success in this character, seems to be doubly prepared for her here, as a musical critic of acknowledged ability, and one whose opinion commands universal respect, asserts broadly that Nilsson "neither understands nor embodies" it! This certainly is a bold position to assume, and one not likely to obtain any very great degree of favor among the initiated. Be this as it may, Miss Kellogg is sure to meet with a hearty welcome here; not only on account of her own genius and magnificent acquirements, but from the admirable support which she brings with her.

Lichtmay and Clara Perl are singing at the Stadt Theatre. On Sunday evening, they and others appeared in a sacred concert—*Lohengrin!* A similar *sacred* performance was given at Terrace Garden Theatre, on the same evening. I cannot conceive what induced the management of either place to insert the word "sacred," in their announcements, when every intelligent person in this city knows that it is a gratuitous prostitution of the term. Perhaps our city authorities require the insertion of the adjective to meet their religious scruples; if so, their preceptions of its purifying influence in this relation must not only be wholly original, but beyond all praise.

We have recently had three concerts from Wieniawski and Maurel, which, although most excellent, were but poorly attended, owing mainly to the unfavorableness of the weather. Miss Jennie Bull and other talented artists appeared upon the occasion.

The series of Symphony Concerts given by Theodore Thomas and his splendid Orchestra, met with unqualified success among all educated classes here. From first to last the performances were largely patronized and received with the utmost enthusiasm. His last matinee was given at Steinway Hall, on Saturday, when Raff's new Symphony was repeated before a crowded and highly delighted audience. Mr. Myron Whitney, the admirable basso; Mr. Luebeck, the distinguished violoncellist; and Mr. Lockwood, the able harpist, assisted upon the occasion.

A recent performance of the Church Music Association has been severely criticized here by one of our dailies; but the fact is, that with one or two exceptions, the musical columns of our leading papers have fallen into hands so fearfully incompetent as to elicit the utmost surprise on the part of every well informed person. In this relation, want of taste, want of knowledge, want of experience, and want of education, generally, seems to be the order of the day; and hence those crude and drivelling articles so continually inflicted upon us, and so constantly the sport of able pens.

Tedesca, the talented violinist, plays a *caprice* of Vieuxtemps, at our next Philharmonic Concert. Gilmore's promenade performances are well attended. Mr. Jerome Hopkins' Christmas-tide Orpheon Concert took place at Steinway Hall, last evening, before a well-filled house, as I am informed. Opera Bouffe is introduced occasionally at the Germania Theatre. On the 17th, we shall have a concert here in aid of the Scandinavian Poor. Hans von Bulow and Madame Mobelli are to arrive in this city, it is said, in October next. *Cinderella* is doing admirably at Dan Bryant's Opera House. Balling, the painter, and Burbel, the sculptor, both violoncellists, played the other evening at an Amateur Concert given by Miss Phillips, East Fiftieth Street.

Mrs. J. B. Booth, the wife of the manager of Booth's Theatre, makes her *debut* in *Femme de Feu*. Fechter has abandoned his performances at the Lyceum Theatre. They did not pay. The Vokes Family are about closing a successful engagement at Niblo's. A very attractive and clever extravaganza, entitled *Gabriel Grub*, written by Mr. Frederic Lyster, is running admirably, with the Majiltons and Raynors, at the Olympic. *Humpty Dumpty Abroad* is still at the Grand Opera House. *Saratoga* is running at the Fifth Avenue; and Boucicault's *Led Astray*, at the Union Square. John Brougham, after an absence of two years from the stage, re-appears at Wallack's, in Bulwer's *Money*, on Saturday evening next. Oliver Doud Byron is at Wood's Museum; and a young American actor, Arius Tenck, is at the Bowery. Barnum's Coliseum, was opened to the public on Saturday, and will, it is thought, prove a grand success.

BATON.

The "*Methodist Protestant*" of Baltimore, speaks of THE SABBATH, the popular Choir Book as follows:

"The Sabbath is intended to be 'useful in church choirs generally, and to furnish singing societies and the home circle with a pleasing variety of sacred music.' It is an excellent compilation of 409 pages of sacred music—good music at that. Nearly all the old favorites are to be found in it, and the new pieces are worthy of their positions. In the "Rudiments of Vocal Music" we notice two things—the subject is more *reasonably* treated than is usual in works of this kind' and no space is wasted on worthless songs' ostensibly placed in books for the practice of learners, but really to help fill up as so much dead stock. Not a song (secular) in the book. Hear it and be glad, ye who want a reliable volume! Yet there has been no hesitation in following Wesley's suggestion, and taking from the devil some of his best melodies, to serve the Lord with. Another feature that will gladden the heart of the amateur organist, and they are many in the churches; few of us can afford to employ professionals, and we must mainly rely on those who play for love of the cause, and need all the helps possible—that feature is, in every case the tenor is invariably written with the bass on the lower staff, so that the organist reads both parts from the same staff. If there be three staffs, and the tenor written upon the upper, it is also written upon the lower one, and the performer has not to keep his eye "in a fine phrenzy rolling" from top to bottom and back again, to keep his left hand from mixing things. Of course the professionals won't appreciate this, as they have solved the mysteries of *thorough bass*, and hold them literally at their fingers ends, but the amateur, he who really does the work for the choir, will hail such a book gladly. The typography is good, and pleasant to sing from; enough space being allowed for each piece. Melody and sentiment are happily united. Plenty of *Glorias* and *Chants*; this is an item. Not enough of it done. It is an excellent Church Book; just what it professes to be."

IN the woods a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and, at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith.

THE practice of naming streets after eminent musicians is becoming general in Germany, Beethoven Street being the choice of the Berlin authorities, while Leipsic, always to the front in musical matters, has just decided to name six new streets after Bach, Hiller, Hauptmann, Marschner, David, and Moscheles (and Quoppert?—M. L.)

Boston, Mass.

January 9th, 1874.

DEAR AMATEUR.—Sunday Evening before Christmas, the Handel and Haydn Society gave the Oratorio of the "Messiah," at Music Hall, which was literally packed with one of Boston's best audiences. The Oratorio was given better, perhaps, than ever before, by the Handel and Haydns, and this is saying a good deal, for the high praise bestowed on this Society is well deserved. The chorusses were well rendered, and the orchestral effects generally very good. The solos were well rendered with a few exceptions, though Mr. M. W. Whitney bore off the palm of excellence, his solos being rendered, as but few bassos could equal, Mr. Carl Zerrahn, conductor.

December 29th, the New York Glee and Madrigal Club gave a very choice concert at Music Hall. Their selections were of such high order, as almost to deserve being called classical, yet partaking of the popular character, enough to satisfy a popular audience, at once satisfying the critical, and going straight to the hearts of all.

On the same evening, the teachers of Petersilea's Music School gave a very pleasing concert at Tremont Temple. The programme was varied and interesting, and nearly every number was encored. It is to be repeated next week, by way of compliment to Mr. Andrae, secretary of the music school.

January 2d, the Harvard Association gave their fifth symphony concert. These concerts are so popular as to always draw full houses. About fifty performers usually take part and exhibit very fine orchestral effects, often very nearly rivaling Thomas' Orchestra, although the balance between strings and brass is not as well preserved.

In some things, Boston has lost sight of her famous puritanism, for Music Hall is crowded Sunday evenings, on occasion of a series of "sacred" (?) concerts given under the direction of Signor Operti. First class talent is engaged, and the concerts are of a high artistic order; but alas for the "sacred," which is only put on to "take the cuss off." Just imagine what solemn feelings may be evoked by the song "Il Postiglione," with full orchestral effects, as it is to be given at one of these concerts soon.

Since our last letter, concerts have been given by the Boylston Club, and the Apollo Club, which were well attended and are highly spoken of. Mr. Boscovitz, the Hungarian Pianist, recently added to the staff of the Boston Conservatory, gave a concert recently at Wesleyan Hall. He manifested the possession of unusually fine abilities, and introduces some novelties which are executed in a most masterly manner.

A series of Sunday evening concerts at the Parker Memorial Hall, have been well attended and very pleasing.

Next week, we are to have three concerts by Wieniawski, the violinist of the Rubinstein combination, assisted by Signor Maurel, Jennie T. Bull, Madame Schiller and the Beethoven Quintette Club. As Wieniawski leaves soon for Europe, where he has accepted a lucrative and honorable position, this will be our last opportunity to hear the great violinist. The other artists are first-class, and the combination is therefore exceptionally strong.

The latest novelty is Master Henry Stephen Walker, the English boy pianist, aged eleven years. He entered the Royal Music Academy, of London, when seven years old, and under Sir Sterndale Bennett and others, has made wonderful progress. He does not play by rote simply, but with a style and method of his own, which demonstrates him to be possessed of a high order of genius, while his performances are wonderfully accurate in technical execution. He is taking a brief respite from study, and filling up the time by a tour in the United States, under the patronage of Mrs. Scott Siddons. He appears in connection with Charlotte Cushman, at three entertainments at Music Hall, January 17th, 19th, 24th.

The Music Department of the Boston University, gave its first concert at Wesleyan Hall this week. The New England Conservatory gave its 317th recital this week also. All of the best musical talent of the city have plenty of good engagements, for concerts at the various cities of New England, and are doing well. Second-rate talent is at a discount in these hard times, for the only class who attend second-class concerts here, have no money to spare this season for such luxuries.

The last of this month, Theodore Thomas gives three concerts, under the management of Mr. A. P. Peck, at Music Hall, and February 2d, we expect Strakosh with Nillson, *et. al.* It is reported on good authority, that Kellogg with her English Opera troupe propose to treat Boston as a way station. The proprietors of the Boston theatre demand too many ducats for the rental of their place. As it seems certain now, that the Globe is to be rebuilt on a much larger scale, probably by another season there will be opportunity for a little healthy competition.

RANDOLPH.

CLARKE'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO FORTE is rapidly gaining the affections of teachers and scholars everywhere, simply because it is the best.

STATISTICS have been gathered showing the proportion of renewals of subscriptions to periodicals, as all signs fail in dry weather, so do *averages*, when brought to bear on the AMATEUR, as our lists show renewals from 95 per cent. of subscribers whose times expired with the December number—a better endorsement is needless.

"CLARKE'S NEW METHOD for the Piano Forte." Among all the various text books for the study of the piano, none seems to have secured for itself such a hold upon the public regard as this. Teachers, pupils and musicians generally, unite in pronouncing it the best now before the public, and in every way well worthy the confidence of all interested in the study of the piano. The author, Mr. H. A. Clarke, is a musician of great ability, and a teacher of more than ordinary success, and as such, keenly alive to the requirements of both teacher and pupil. In this work he believes that he has duly provided for both, and fearlessly invites the closest scrutiny and criticism for it.—*Benham's Musical Review.*

THE RUSSIAN MUSICAL ASSOCIATION announces among other things a symphony by Tschaikowski; also, a symphony by Naprawnik. (It is fearful to think of such names ever becoming famous. Think of Miss Seraphina Smith lisping languidly her admiration of that "sweet adagio of Tschaikowski's.")

GETZE'S SCHOOL FOR THE PARLOR ORGAN was recently ordered from a point to which the mail is carried 700 miles on horseback; hence, we must infer that *Getze's* is more popular than railroads.

IN bargaining, lie not at all; neither in a little thing or in a great, neither in the substance nor in the circumstance, neither in word nor deed. That is, pretend not what is false; cover not what is true; and let the measure of your affirmation or denial be the understanding of your contractor; for he that deceives the buyer or the seller by speaking what is true in a sense not intended or understood by the other, is a liar.

MUSICAL CONDUCTORS who are contemplating conventions would do well to send for a sample copy of *The Sabbath*, the greatest book of tunes. Everybody likes it.

GOD has placed nature by the side of man as a friend who remains always near to guide and console him in life; as a protecting genius who conducts him, as well as all the species, to a harmonious unity with himself. The earth is the maternal bosom which bears all the races; nature arouses man from the sleep in which he would remain without thought of himself, inspires him, and preserves thus in humanity ctivity and life

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS of the country endorses *The Sabbath* as being without exception, the best work ever offered to choirs. Embracing the sentiments of all denominations in which choir singing is in vogue, we are highly gratified at such unsolicited approvals of *The Sabbath*, which are being rapidly verified by the orders that are pouring in for the great book.

An interview with the Composer of "Martha."

No opera has ever been more popular than Flotow's "Martha." Since 1849, when it first appeared, it has been performed upwards of one thousand times, at all the great theatres of the world; and it still is a perfect gold mine for its composer, who derives from it alone, aside from his other operas, an income of at least twenty thousand florins a year.

Frederick von Flotow has always been a favorite child of Fortune. Although nothing more than an amateur in 1845, and, in effect, a mere stripling, his first operatic venture, "Alessandro Stradella," proved so thorough a success that his name was at once ranked among the foremost operatic composers of Europe. At the age of twenty-three he was hailed as a peer by Meyerbeer, Auber aud Rossini, and his beautiful opera rapidly made the tour of the world.

His next composition, *Martha*, made him the most popular of his brethren among the operatic composers of Europe. It had two hundred successive representations at the Opera Comique, in Paris, and soon became a favorite with the opera-goers of all civilized nations. The younger son of a Mecklenburg nobleman, whose patrimony consisted of a few sterile acres, saw suddenly flowing into his coffers *tantiemes* such as had not been even paid to the renowned composers of *Robert le Diable* and *William Tell*. Airs from *Martha* were played at every concert; they were drummed and sung by young boarding-school misses and whistled by the street-boys in all great cities of the world.

I remember seeing Flotow, at the first performance of *Martha*, in his native city of Rostook, in Mecklenburg-Schweirn. He was then a handsome youth, looking younger, indeed, than he really was. The applause bestowed upon him by his fellow-citizens evidently delighted him beyond measure. He blushed to the roots of his hair when the enthusiastic audience called him, at the end of the performance, before the curtain.

A few days ago I saw him again. It was at his beautiful chateau Prienitz, near Linz, in Austria. I was startled at the change which twenty-four years had produced in his appearance. He looked like an old, broken-down man although he is but little over fifty. His hair was entirely white, and he was bent down like an octogenarian.

He recognized me by my Mecklenburg dialect, and, as soon as I had seated myself by his side, told me that he regretted nothing so much as that he had left his dear native country and settled among strangers.

"Why do you not return to Mecklenburg?" I ventured to ask. "I am sure everybody there will receive you with open arms."

"No, no," he replied firmly, "you do not know what would happen. Look at this," (and he produced a ponderous epistle); "this is a letter from the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, Frederick Francis, who withdraws from me the appointment of grand-ducal *maitre de chapelle*, because I married the sister of my divorced wife! Oh, the hypocrisy of these fellows on their petty thrones!"

I durst not say anything on this painful subject. For ten years past this unfortunate event has cast a gloom over Flotow's life. He has been most severely censured for his second marriage. But what are the facts? When scarcely old enough to know his own mind, Frederick Von Flotow was induced by his parents to marry a young girl who was secretly affianced to another. Their wedded life was wretched in the extreme. They parted by mutual consent. Flotow's present wife idolizes her gifted husband, and he is happy with her. Nevertheless, he is ostracized in aristocratic circles.

He knit his massive brow as he continued complaining of how people had recently treated him. "I have led," he said, "my whole life long a most laborious existence. If I have won successes, they were due, above all things, to hard work, to unremitting toil. The score of 'Martha' I re-wrote four times before I allowed it to be played; and I have been still more pains-taking with my subsequent operas. And what has been the result? Pecuniarily, I have no reason to complain; for, although I am not rich, I am comfortably situated, and certainly richer than any of my ancestors have been for many years past. But what a life of disappointments I have recently had to lead! Will you believe that the Parisians who were once my most ardent admirers, have completely ostracized me? I have my new opera, 'Haida,' ready for the stage. I am free to say it is quite equal to any of my previous productions. And yet not a manager in Paris dares to perform it, because I am a German. It is tabooed in Berlin, because the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg hates me; and, in Vienna, because the Emperor of Germany will not permit its performance in Berlin. Has any modern composer ever been so unfortunate?"

"Why not start your new opera in London?" I interrupted.

"No, no, my friend," replied Herr von Flotow, "you don't understand that. A new opera, to succeed in London, must first have been given in Paris. Listen," he added, going to the open piano in his room, "and tell me what you think of these melodies."

And he began to run his five fingers over the ivory keys with wonderful mastership, playing new and delightful airs.

"Are these melodies pretty?" he asked.

"Pretty," I replied, "they are enchanting! Better than *Martha!*"

And yet he cannot get this opera performed! Such are conventional and national prejudices.

Herr von Flotow has three children by his second wife, who herself is an eminent pianist. He leads at Prienitz the life of a hermit, going but rarely to Vienna. His tenants are greatly attached to him, on account of his kindness toward them.

During my long conversation with him, I heard Herr von Flotow pass some curious opinions on the other great composers of the day.

"Meyerbeer," he said, "was incomparably the greatest of them all. Rossini ruined himself by writing too much. Bellini was a musical confectioner, producing excellent sweet-meats. Donizetti would have been very great, had he not been an Italian. Wagner is grand, but often too terrible. Verdi was very promising, but had deteriorated of late. Ambroise Thomas was an imitator of Adams. Gounod had made a great mistake to write anything after *Faust*. He should have taken warning by Auber's example."

All this was well said, extremely caustic, but not always just. Herr von Flotow had evidently been soured by what he considers his bitter disappointments. He is a spoiled child of dame fortune. The slightest mishaps make him angry.

Upon leaving the chateau, I caught a glimpse of Frau von Flotow. She is a portly, good-looking lady of forty. Her serene face does not indicate in any way that she is conscious of the trouble she has caused her illustrious husband. And yet he is smarting under it, and to me it seems more than probable that his days are numbered. He looks certainly very old and broken-down.—*Appleton's Journal.*
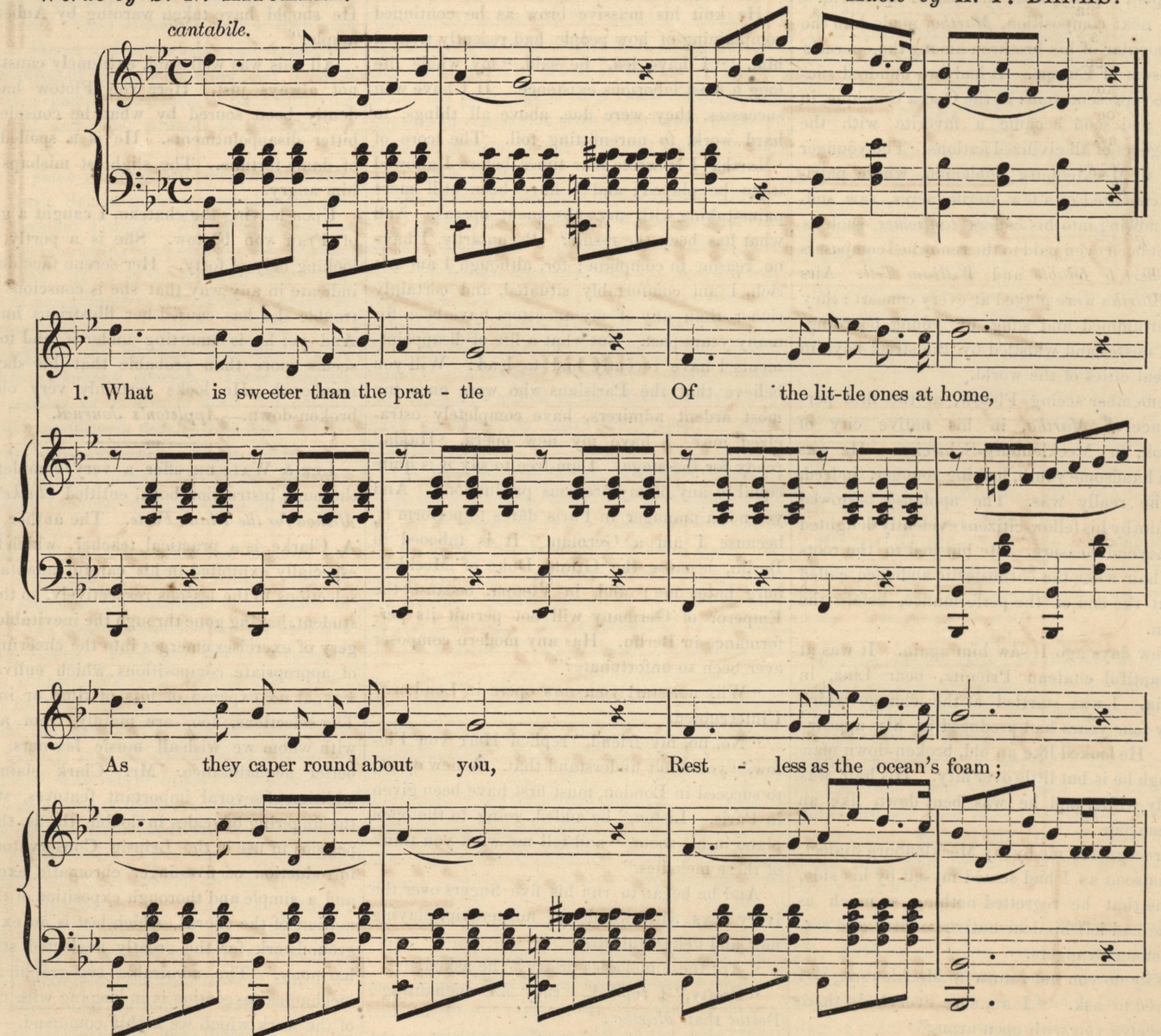
LEE & WALKER offer a very complete and thorough instruction book, entitled *Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte*. The author, Hugh A. Clarke, is a practical teacher, which fact is especially exhibited in his careful adaptation of selections to the lessons respectively, so that the student, having gone through the inevitable drudgery of exercises emerges into the cheering field of appropriate compositions which enliven the way, at no expense of loss of time or interest. The selections, too, are mainly from authors with whom we wish all music learners had a better acquaintance. Mr. Clark claims the addition of several important features, such as the fingering of scales in double thirds, the Arpeggios in use in the Leipsig Conservatory, the introduction of five-finger chromatic exercises, and a simple and thorough exposition of the formation of the chords, which last is an excellent groundwork for the greatly neglected study of harmony. The admirable typographical and mechanical execution is in keeping with the rest of the work which we highly commend.—*Christian Union.*

THE worst of men often give the best advise.
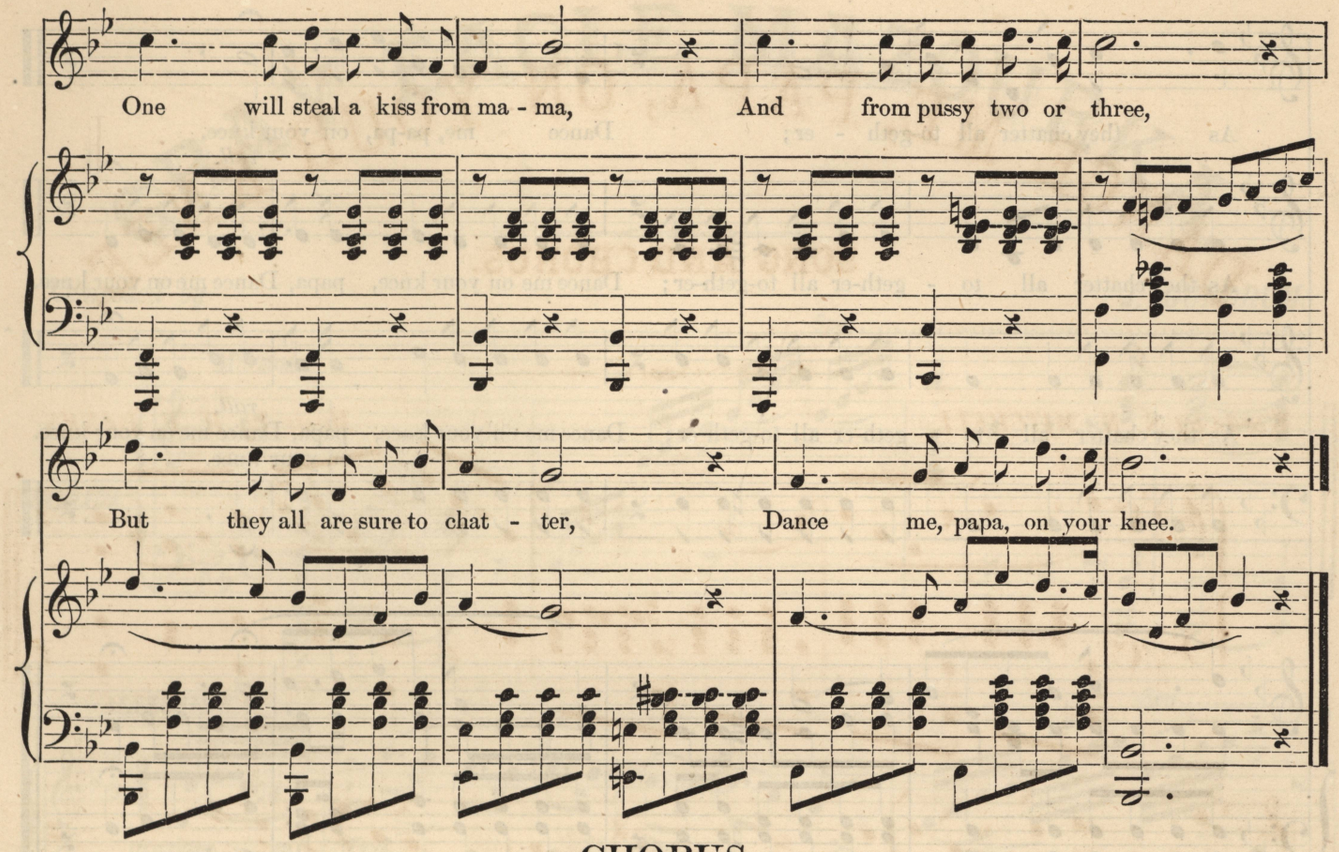
DANCE ME, PAPA, ON YOUR KNEE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

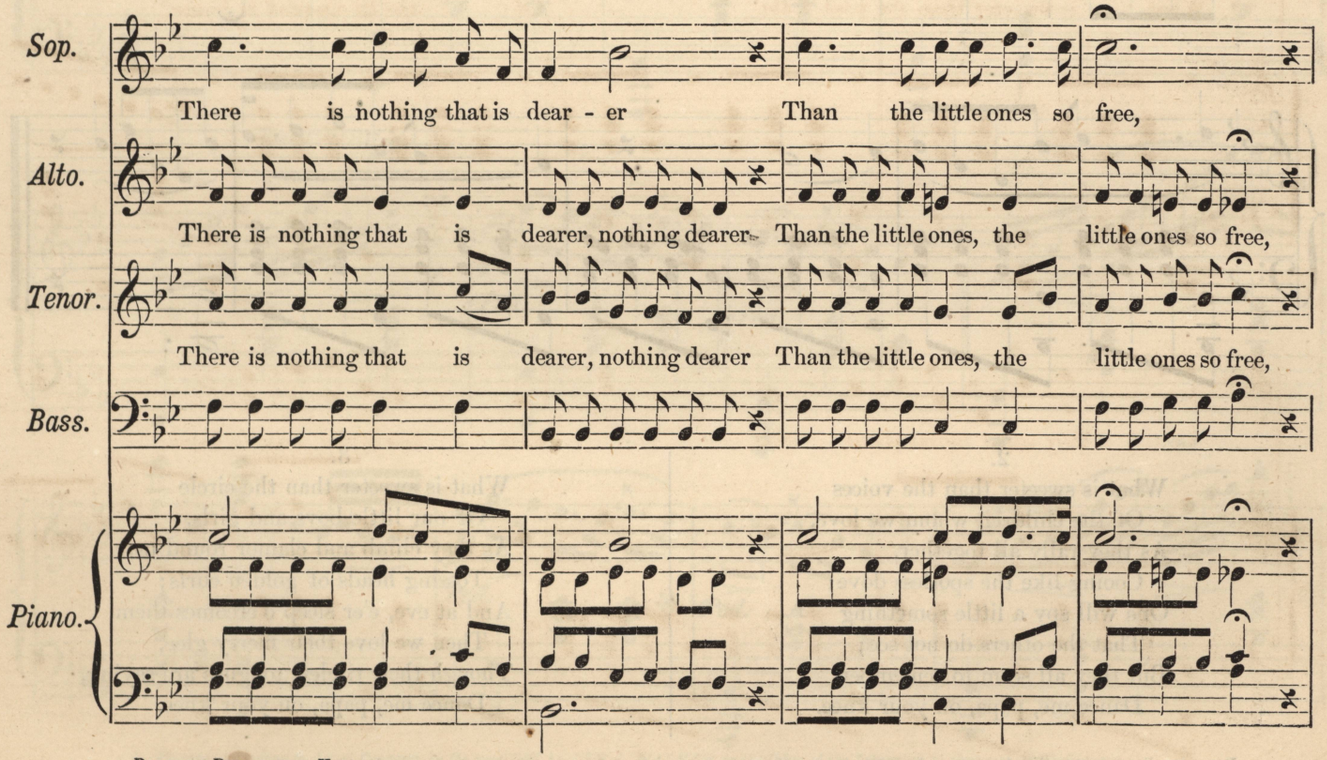
Words by S. N. MITCHELL. *Music by H. P. DANKS.*
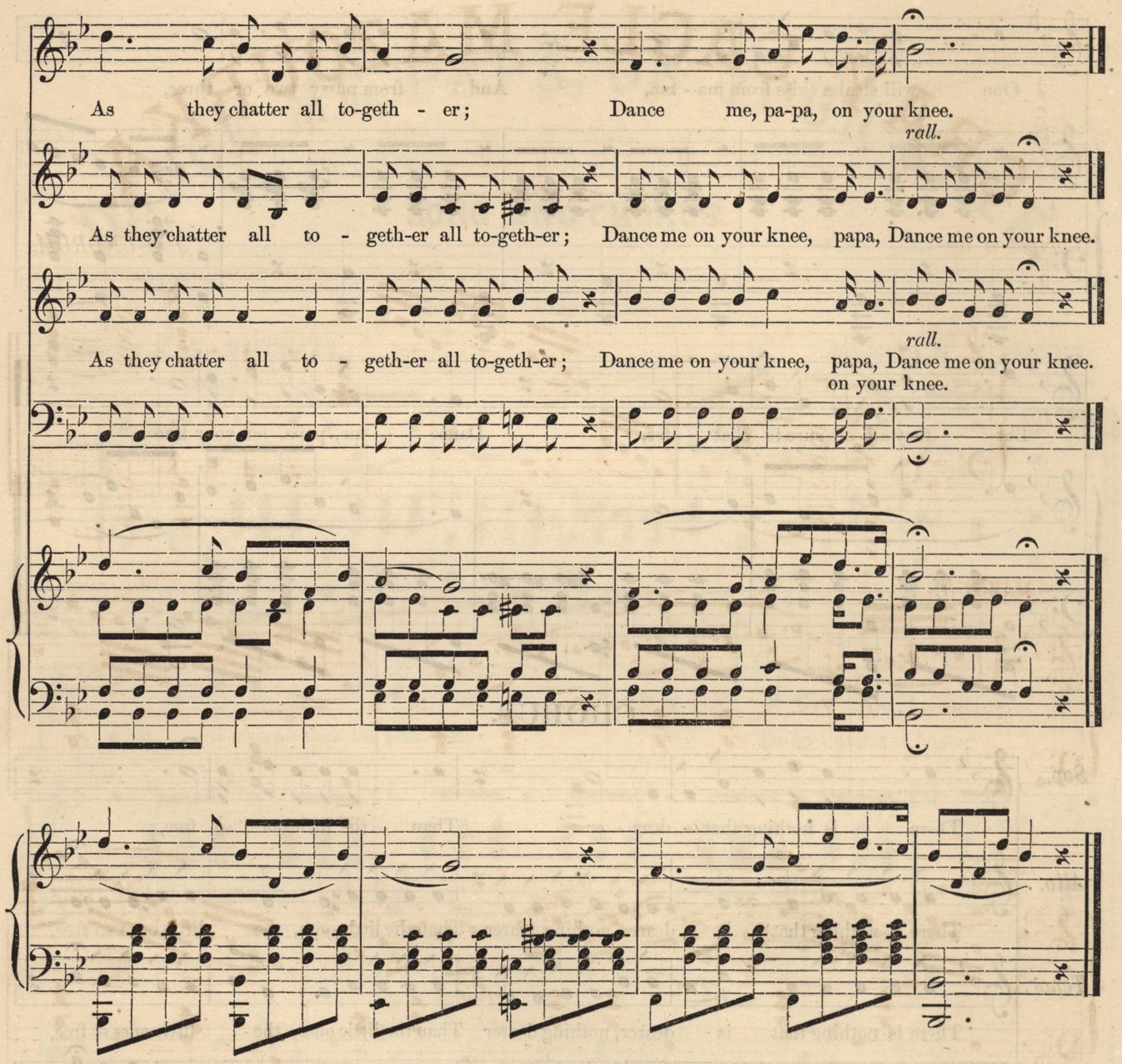


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CHORUS.



Dance me Papa on your Knee.



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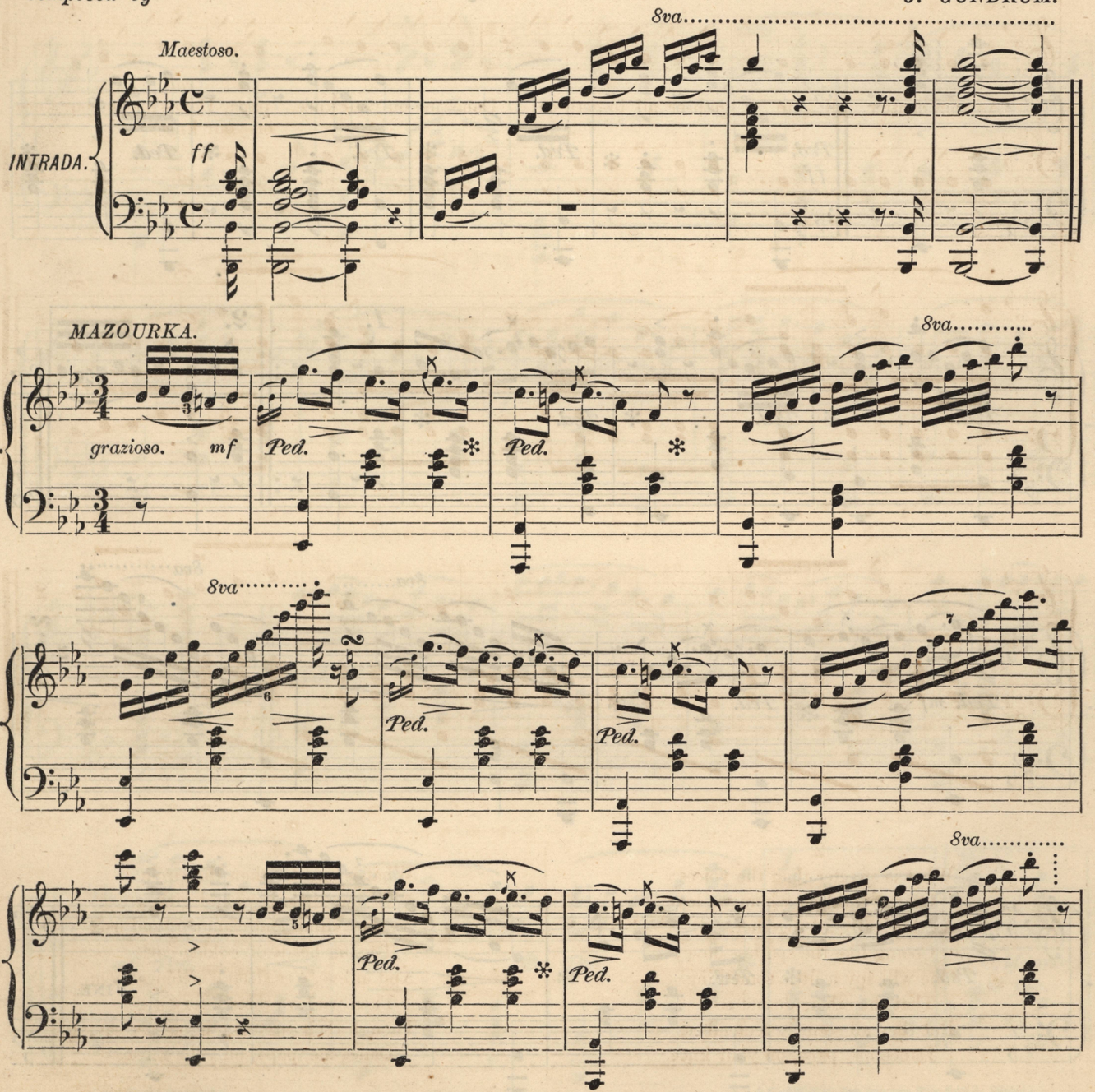
What is sweeter than the voices
Of the children whom we love,
As they rally all together,
Cooing like the spotless dove;
One will spy a little something
That the others do not see;
But they all seem to remember,
Dance me, papa, on your knee.

3.

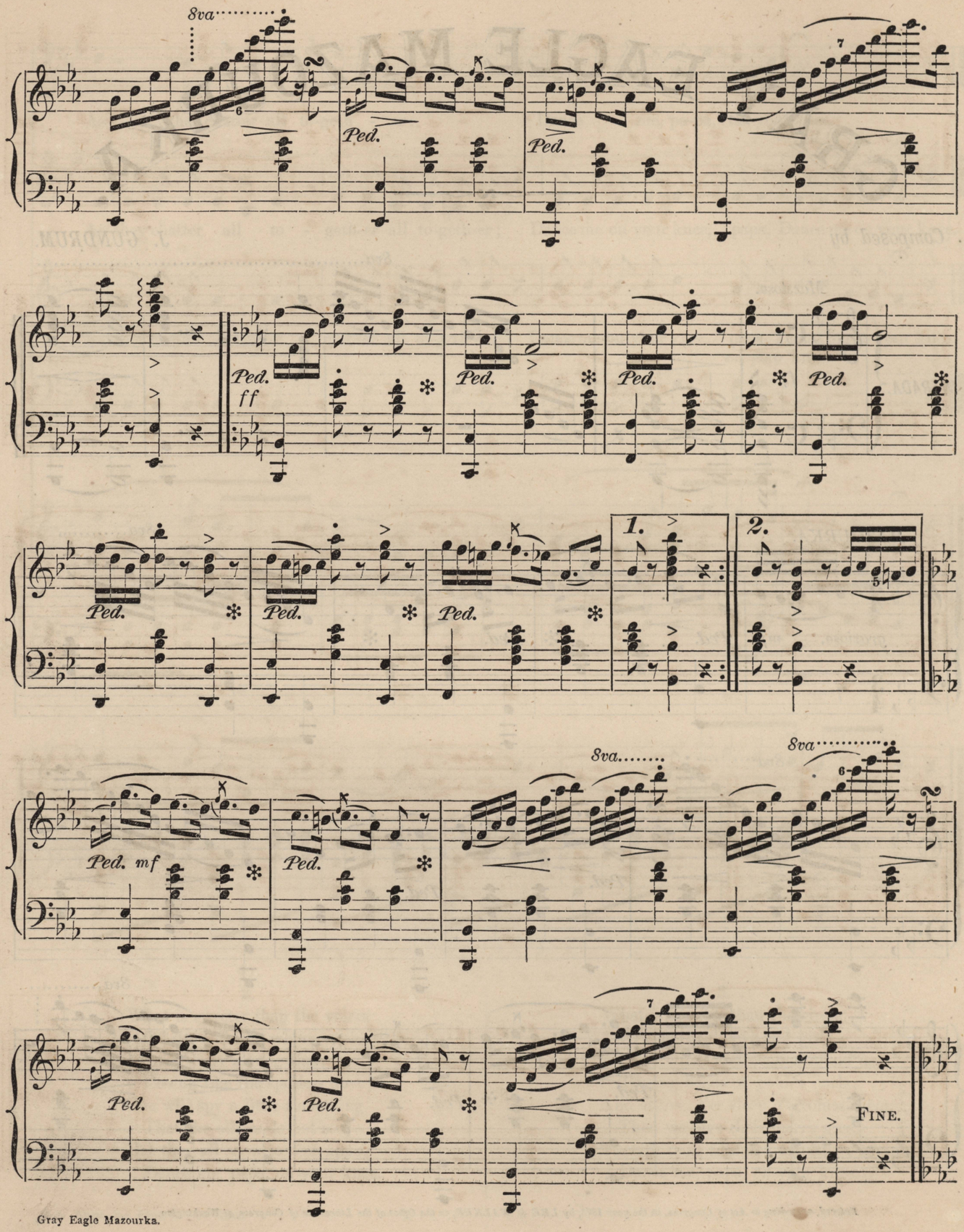
What is sweeter than the circle
Of our little boys and girls,
As they climb and clamor round us,
Tossing heads of golden curls;
And at eve, e'er sleep o'ercomes them,
Then we love their merry glee,
Though their tireless tongues are saying,
Dance me, papa, on your knee.

GRAY EAGLE MAZOURKA.
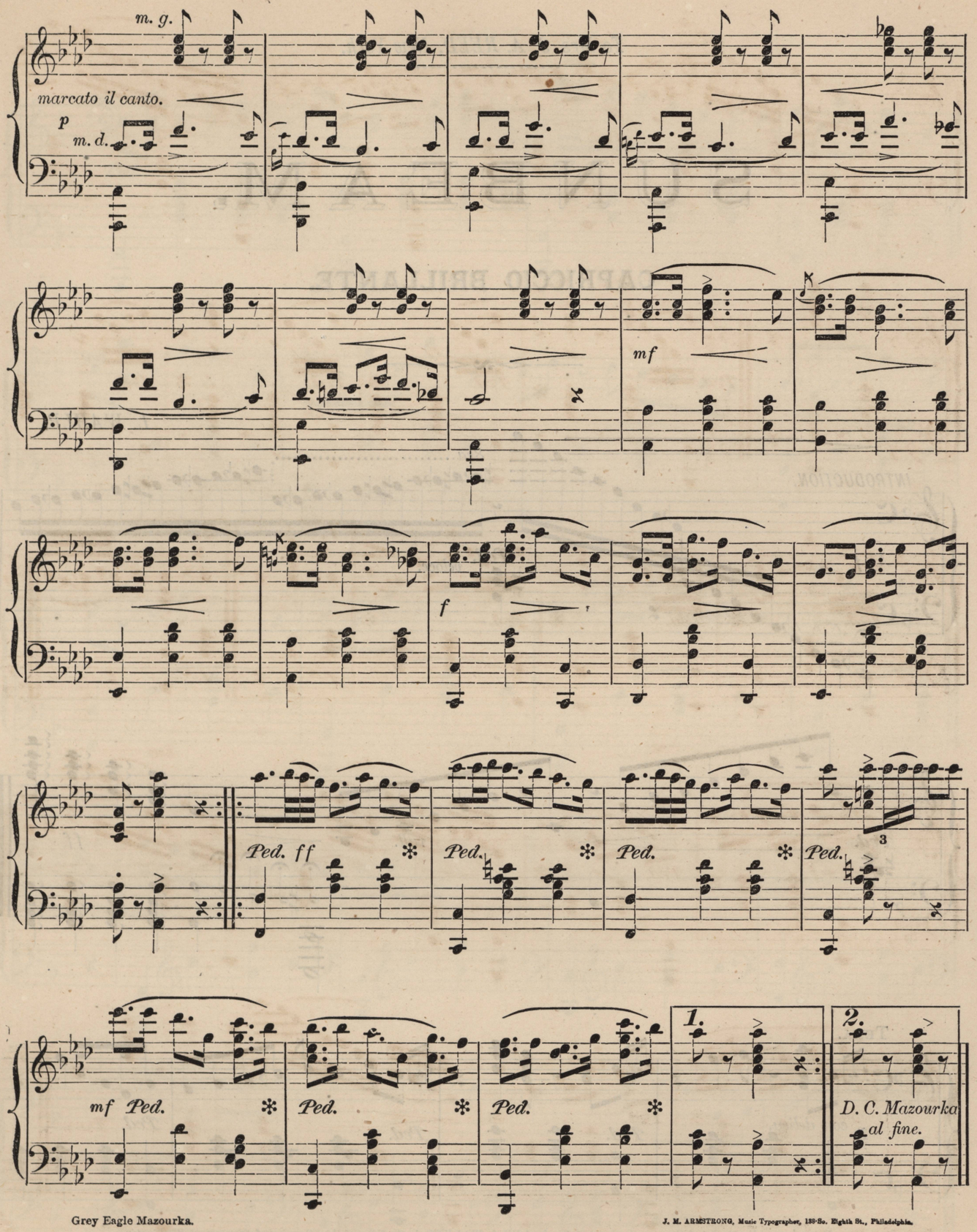
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Gray Eagle Mazourka.



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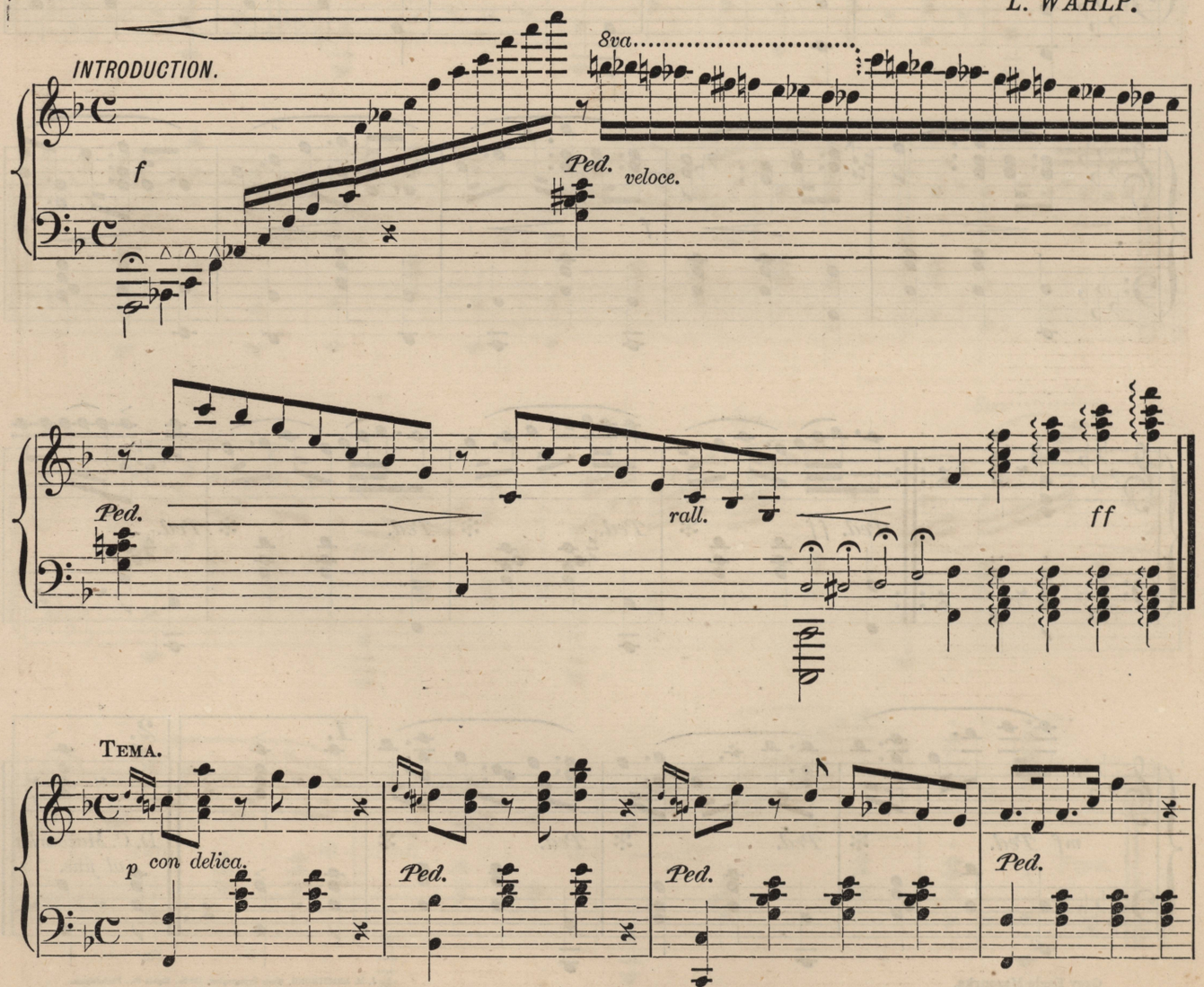
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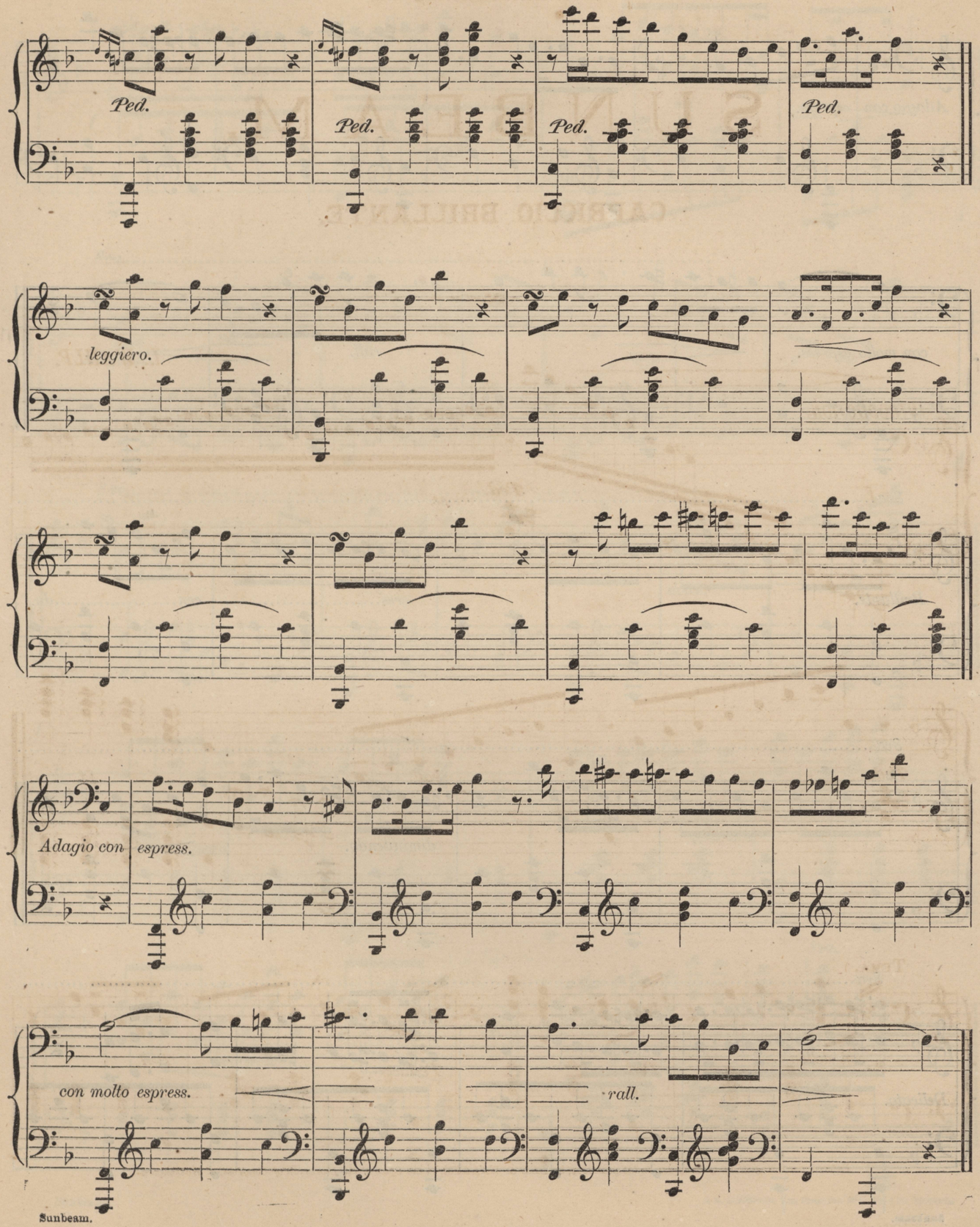
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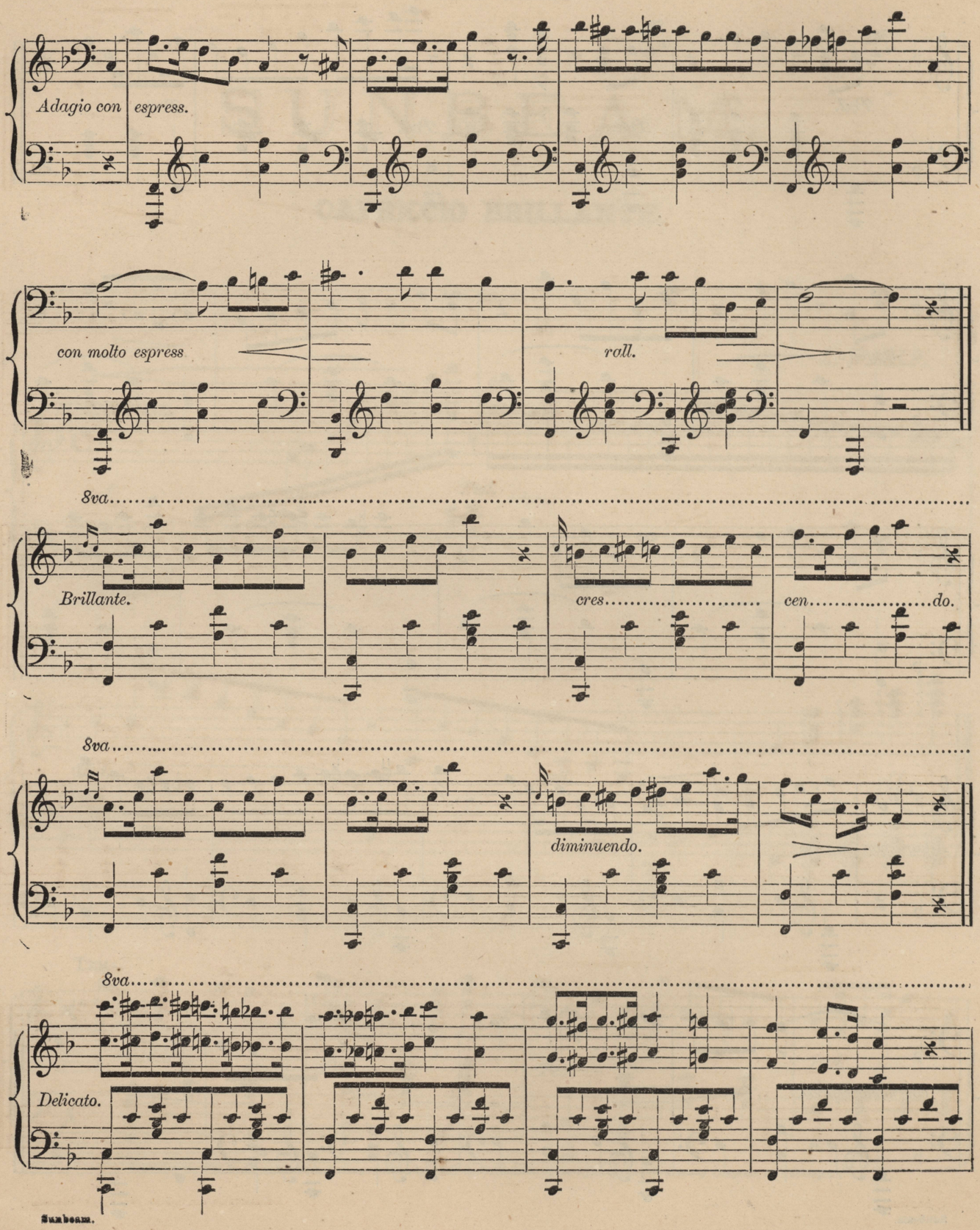
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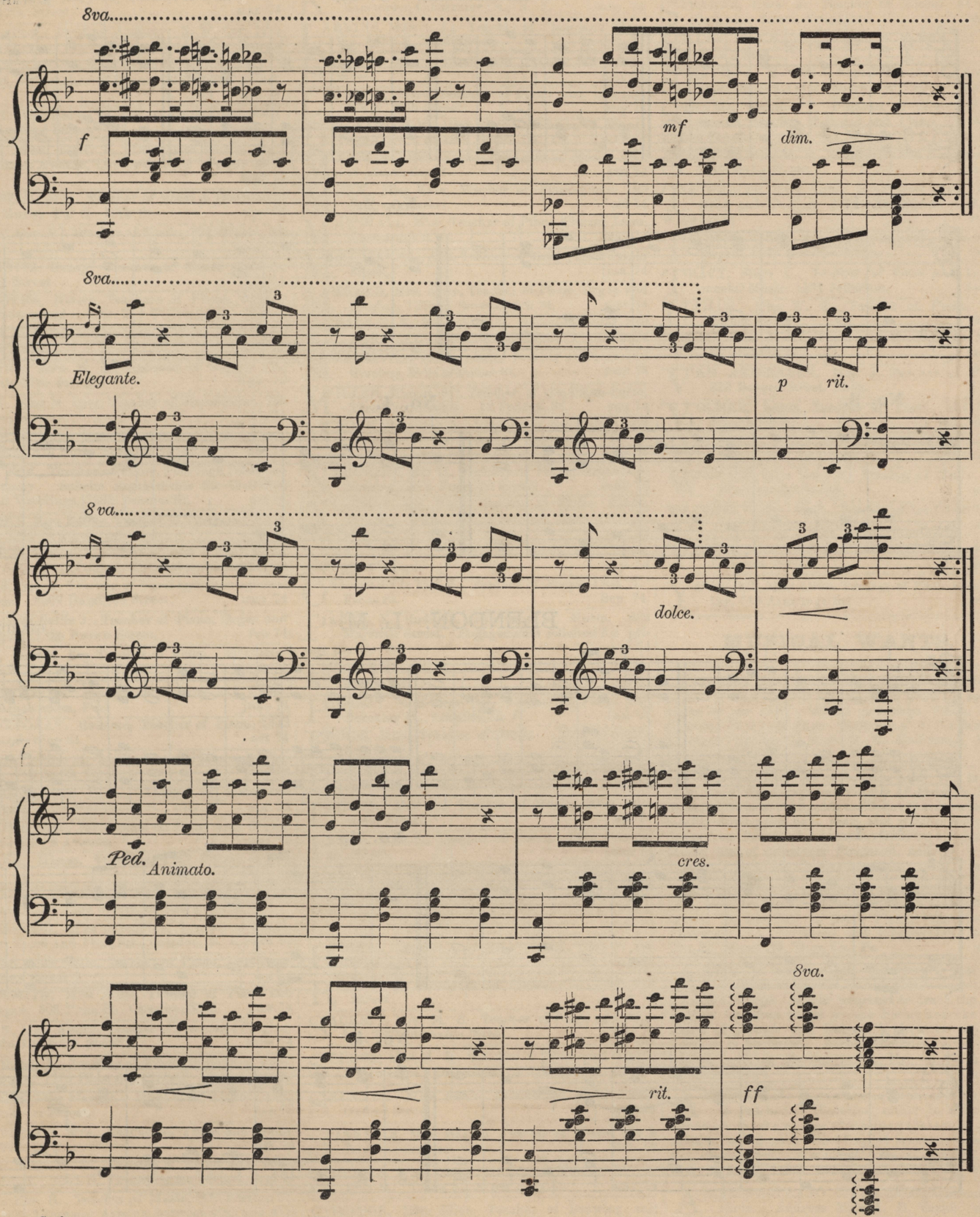
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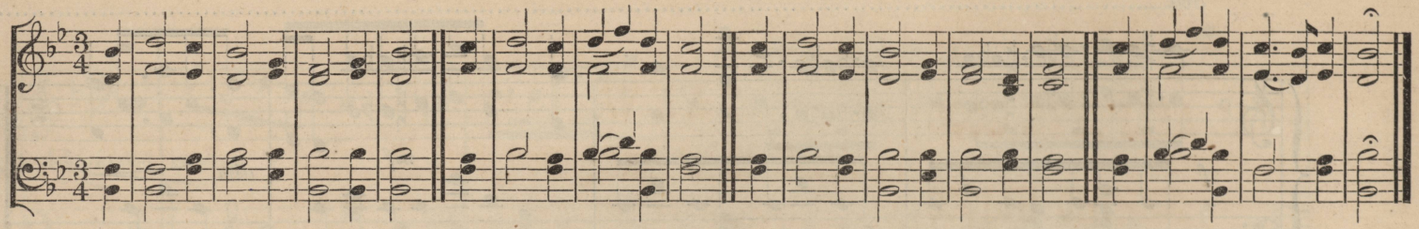

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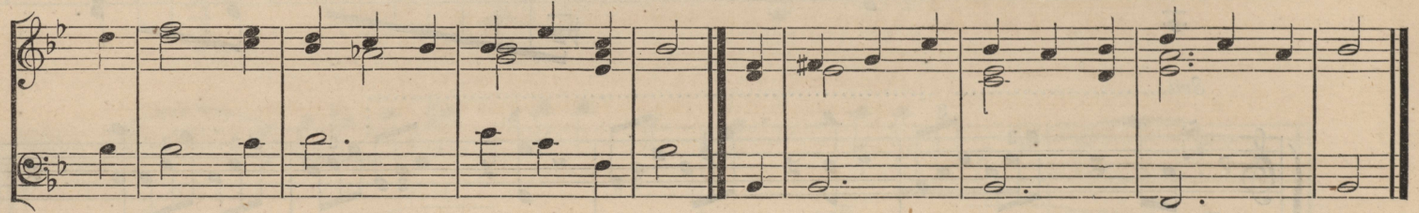


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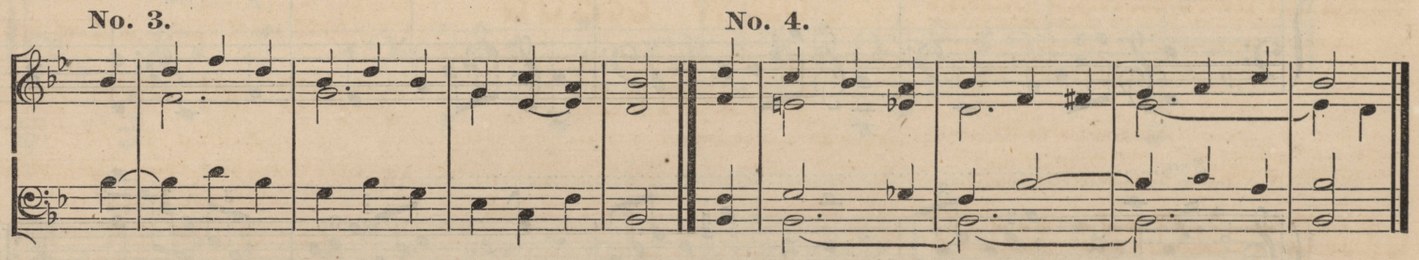
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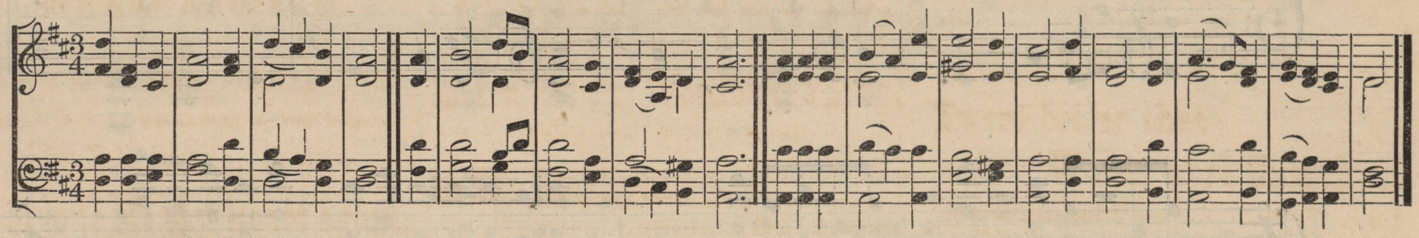


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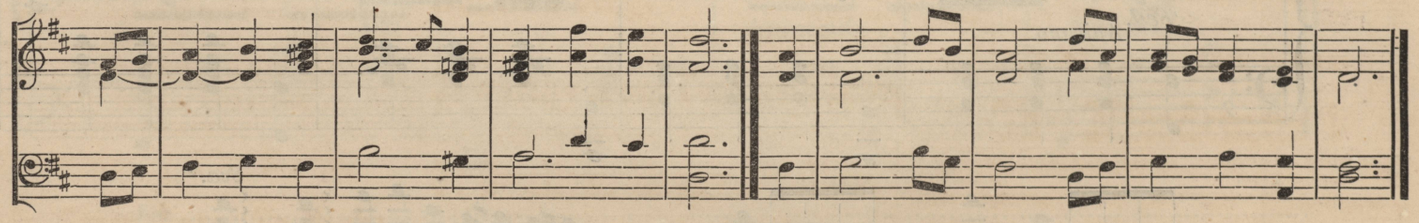
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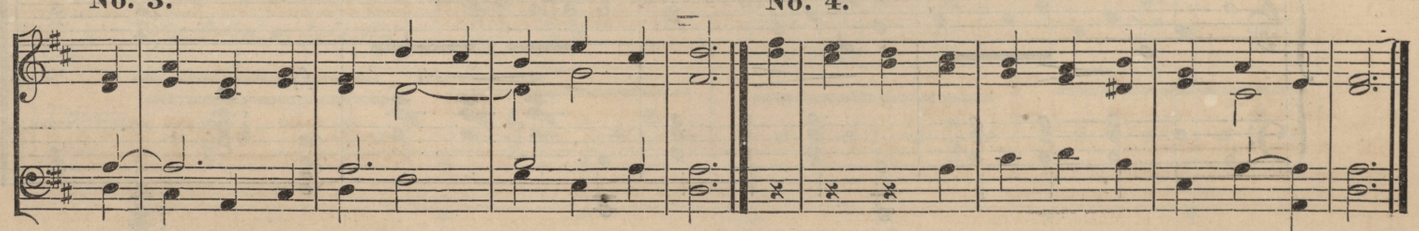
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G. W. MORGAN.

Organist, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's Tabernacle Church, Brooklyn.

Andover, November 26th, 1873,

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Mrs. WM. M. CLIPPER.

New York, January 3rd, 1874.

Messrs. Lee & Walker.—I have looked over "Clarke's New Method for Piano," and am much pleased with it. I find it systematic, progressive and practical. The pieces and recreations are all melodic and pleasing, while the directions for practice are full and explicit. It cannot fail to become a standard text-book. Typographically, the book is beyond all praise.

Yours, very truly,

HORACE E. KIMBALL.

Philadelphia, September 25th, 1873

Messrs. Lee & Walker.—I have carefully examined "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte," and I must say, with pleasure, that I consider it an excellent work. The clearness and lucidity with which it brings a true and progressive Musical knowledge before the pupil, makes it well calculated for what it is intended. I recommend it with pleasure to all those who wish to progress rapidly in the study of Music.

WM. J. LEMON.

Philadelphia, October 18th, 1873.

Messrs. Lee & Walker.—Having carefully and without prejudice examined "Clarke's New Method for Piano Forte," I sincerely wish it all the success a work of such an excellence deserves. There are so many studies in it that cannot but advance any pupil, who faithfully will make a conscientious practice of the same. In case I should once more return to the profession of Piano teaching, you can rest assured I will use it exclusively. With much esteem,

Yours truly,

BENJ. OWEN,

Assistant Conductor Kellogg English Opera.

Messrs. Lee & Walker, of Philadelphia, have published an excellent school for the piano forte, entitled "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte." It has been compiled by Mr. Hugh A. Clarke. It contains everything that a useful method should contain, and among the important advantages it possesses over other American publications of similar scope and aim, is the fingering of the scales in double thirds, and the arpeggios in use in the Leipsig Conservatory, in which the student is familiarized with the use of the thumbs on the black keys. In addition to this, there are chromatic five-finger exercises, in which useful feature most schools are lacking. Selections from the works of Cramer, Heller, Schumann, Bertini, Mayer and others are included. The instructions are both lucid and simple, and we know of no work of the kind of recent date that is better adapted to the purposes for which this work has been written.—*Sat. Evening Gazette, Boston.*

Philadelphia, October 15th, 1873.

Messrs Lee & Walker.—I have examined carefully and critically the copy of "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte," and am happy to say I can give it my hearty approval. I find it to be a real, systematic, progressive, thorough "school" for the Piano, and not, (as so many of the so-called instruction books prove to be) merely a compilation of "ditties." Of course we all meet with pupils occasionally, who have not the "back bone," the "clear grit" to use such a work as Clarke's; but for any one who has the least conception of what "Playing the Piano" means and is willing to work, the book is "just the thing." I shall use it extensively.

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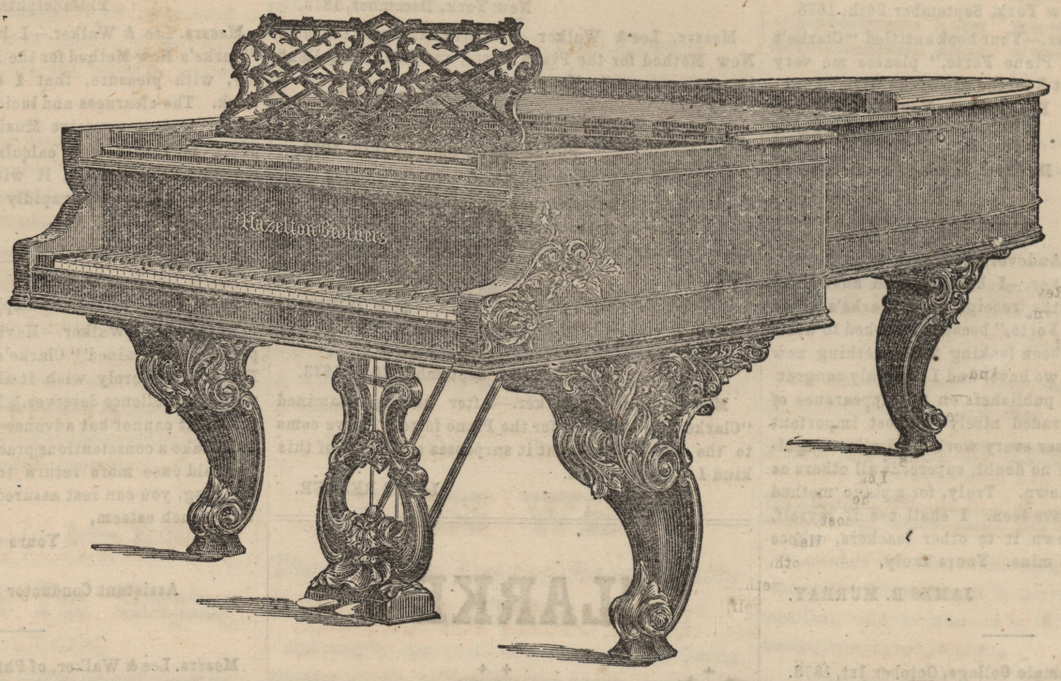
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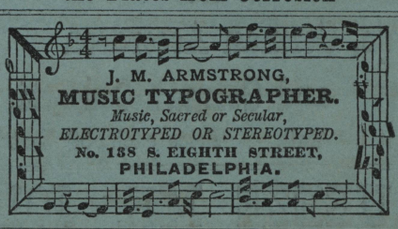
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